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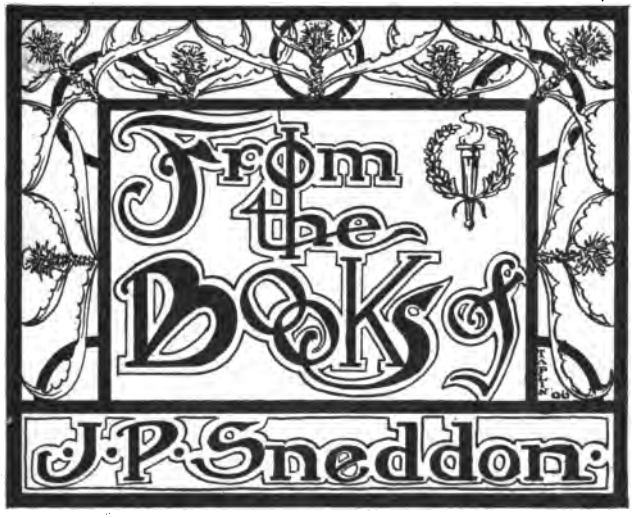
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The Works of

William

Shakespeare

Antony and Cleopatra

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

" Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now."

— I. 3. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

PHILADELPHIA

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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I. iii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Edition DeLuxe

The Works of

Uliam Shakespeare

Volume VII

Measure for Measure
Antony and Cleopatra

John D. Morris and Company
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Antony and Cleopatra (*Photogravure*) . . FRONTISPIECE

Measure for Measure

FACING PAGE

Isabella Intercedes for Claudio 50

Angelo Attempts to Seduce Isabella 60

Isabella Denounces Claudio 66

The Return of the Duke 114

Antony and Cleopatra

Antony Bids Farewell to Cleopatra 92

Cæsar and Cleopatra 136

The Death of Cleopatra 144

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Measure for Measure* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 61-84, and holds the fourth place among the 'Comedies.' No direct reference to the play has been found anterior to its publication in 1623, nor is there any record of its performance before the Restoration, when Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers,* a wretched attempt to fuse *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing* into one play.

The Date of Composition. All arguments for the date of composition of *Measure for Measure* must be drawn from general considerations of style, and from alleged allusions. As regards the latter, it has been maintained that two passages (Act I. i. 68-71 and Act II. iv. 27-30) offer "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanour on his entry into England," and various points of likeness in the character of the Duke and James have been detected.* This evidence by itself would be of little value, but it certainly corroborates the æsthetic and metrical tests, which fix the date of composition about the year 1603-4. Further, in 1607, William Barksted, an admirer of our poet, published a poem, entitled *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis,* wherein occurs an

* The entry usually cited from the accounts of the Revels at Court from Oct. 1604 to Oct. 1605 is now known to be a forgery. "By his Ma^{tis} Plaiers on Stivens night in the Hall, a Play called 'Mesur for Mesur'": probably, however, the forgery was based on authentic information.

obvious reminiscence of a passage in *Measure for Measure*:—

> "And like as when some sudden extasie
> Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;
> When he 's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
> Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
> And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
> So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

(*cp. Measure for Measure,* II. iv. 24-27).

Mr. Stokes has advanced the ingenious conjecture that Barksted, as one of the children of the Revels, may have been the original actor of the part of Isabella.*

The strongest argument for the date 1603, generally adopted by critics, is derived from the many links between this play and *Hamlet*; they both contain similar reflections on Life and Death, though *Measure for Measure* "deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature" (W. Pater, *Appreciations,* p. 179). There are, moreover, striking parallelisms of expression in the two plays. Similarly, incidents in *Measure for Measure* recall *All 's Well that Ends Well*; Isabella and Helena seem almost twin-sisters; but the questions at issue concerning the latter play are too intricate to warrant us in drawing conclusions as regards the date of the former play.

Source of the Play. The plot of *Measure for Measure* was ultimately derived from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio† (Decad. 8, Nov. 5): the direct source,

* *Cp. The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*; H. P. Stokes; 106-109.

† Concerning the historical basis of the story, *cp. Notes and Queries,* July 29th 1893; in 1547 a Hungarian student in Vienna narrated the occurrence in a letter to a friend in Sárvár: (*cp.* also Goulast's *Histoires admirables et mèmorables advenues de Nostre* Temps, 1607). It would seem that the subject had already been dramatized by Claude Rouillet in his Philamire, published in 1563, two years before Cinthio's Hecatommithi.

however, was a dramatisation of the story by George Whetstone, whose *Promos and Cassandra,* never acted, was printed in 1578. The title of this tedious production is noteworthy as indicating the rough outline of Shakespeare's original:—

The Right Excellent and Famous| History| of Promos and Cassandra;| divided into two Comical Discourses.| In the first part is shown,| the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate,| the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady:| the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan,| and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite.| In the second part is discoursed,| the perfect magnanimity of a noble King| in checking Vice and favouring Virtue:| Wherein is shown| the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices,| with the advancement of upright dealing.| (*Cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library*; Part II. Vol. ii.)

In 1582 Whetstone included a prose version of the same story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses,*—a version probably known to Shakespeare; it has even been inferred that "in this narrative he may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions."

The old play of *Promos and Cassandra* may claim *the* distinction of having provided the rough material for *Measure for Measure*; the earlier production should be read in order to understand, somewhat at least, how Shakespeare has transformed his crude original; how he has infused into it a loftier motive; how he has ennobled its heroine, and created new episodes and new characters. The picture of the wronged, dejected mistress of the moated grange is wholly Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of action consists of four days:—

Day 1. Act I. Scene i. may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle

to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2 commences with Act I. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene ii.

Day 3 commences with Act IV. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene iv.

Day 4 includes Act IV. Scenes v. and vi., and the whole of Act V. which is one scene only (P. A. Daniel; *On the Times in Shakespeare's Plays; New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, being desirous of introducing reforms into his government, particularly along the line of public morality, announces that he is to travel in distant lands, and delegates his authority to Angelo, a man renowned for probity in public and purity in private life. Instead of leaving the city, the Duke assumes the habit of a friar and remains to watch secretly the actions of his deputy. Claudio, a young gentleman of Vienna, wrongs his betrothed, Juliet, who is with child by him. Though the lovers contemplate early marriage, Claudio becomes amenable to an old law—till then obsolete—which fixes capital punishment for his sin. And the stern Angelo, anxious to make a striking example of the first offender brought before him, sentences Claudio to death. The latter's sister, Isabella, is on the point of entering a nunnery, but being advised of her brother's peril, resolves to intercede with the deputy.

II. Angelo vigorously prosecutes his work of reform in morality. In his zeal he has scant time for mercy; and Isabella at her first interview with him can obtain no leniency for her brother. But she awakens in Angelo a passion that had hitherto lain dormant in his cold nature. At her second interview with him he proposes in so many words that she purchase her brother's pardon with her own honour.

III. The virtuous maiden spurns the proffered terms and hastens to Claudio, in prison, whom she exhorts to

prepare for death, since his life can be procured only by her disgrace. Claudio at first upholds her decision; but the fear of death weakens his resolution and he implores her to yield for his sake. Isabella, deeply angered, is on the point of leaving him to his fate, when the disguised Duke—who has heard their conversation—enters the cell. He tells Isabella privately of a way by which she can save her brother without compromising herself. It is by appearing to yield to Angelo, appointing a rendezvous with him, and then sending in her stead one Mariana, who had been engaged in marriage to and then deserted by Angelo.

IV. The Duke takes Isabella to Mariana's house, where the details of the plan are arranged. Angelo, having accomplished his purpose with the supposed Isabella, sends an order to prison for the immediate execution of Claudio. The Duke is in the prison when the order arrives, and finds means to save Claudio by displaying the head of another man who had just died and who resembled him. The Duke then advises his deputy by letter that he will shortly return to the city.

V. The Duke appears at the city gates, clad in his proper costume. He is met by Angelo and other officials. Isabella publicly accuses Angelo of seduction and murder. The Duke feigns anger towards her and places her under arrest. Mariana in turn brings accusation. The Duke retires, leaving the inquiry in his deputy's hands, and shortly returns in his costume of friar in order to act as witness in the testimony of the two women. Circumstances in the trial force him to resume suddenly his rank as Duke; whereupon he visits merited condemnation upon Angelo, who is sentenced to death, after being married to Mariana for her own protection. The penalty is averted by the entreaties of the wife, seconded by the gentle Isabella. Claudio is released from prison and enjoined to wed with Juliet, while the Duke sues for the hand of Isabella.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Poet's Purpose in this Play.

The Puritans, who dreamed of leading the Christian Church back to its original purity, and who had returned home after their banishment during the reign of Mary with the ideal of a democratic Church before their eyes, could not possibly approve of a State Church subject to the crown, or of such an institution as Episcopacy. Some of them looked to Scottish Presbyterianism as a worthy model, and desired to see Church government by laymen, the elders of the congregation, introduced into England, in place of the spiritual aristocracy of the bishops. Others went still farther, denied the necessity of one common form of worship for all, and desired to have the Church broken up into independent congregations, in which any believer might officiate as priest. We have here the germs of the great party division in Cromwell's time into Presbyterians and Independents.

So far as we can see, Shakespeare took no interest whatever in any of these ecclesiastical or religious movements. He came into contact with Puritanism only in its narrow and fanatical hatred of his art, and in its severely intolerant condemnation and punishment of moral, and especially of sexual, frailties. All he saw was its Pharisaic aspect, and its often enough only simulated virtue.

It was his indignation at this hypocritical virtue that led him to write *Measure for Measure*. He treated the subject as he did, because the interests of the theatre demanded that the woof of comedy should be interwoven with the severe and sombre warp of tragedy. But what a comedy! Dark, tragic, heavy as the poet's mood—a tragi-comedy, in which the unusually broad and realistic comic scenes, with their pictures of the dregs of society, cannot relieve the painfulness of the theme, or disguise the positively criminal nature of the action. One feels throughout, even in the comic episodes, that Shakespeare's

burning wrath at the moral hypocrisy of self-righteousness underlies the whole structure like a volcano, which every moment shoots up its flames through the superficial form of comedy and the interludes of obligatory merriment.

And yet it is not really against hypocrisy that his attack is aimed. At this stage of his development he is far too great a psychologist to depict a ready-made, finished hypocrite. No, he shows us how weak even the strictest Pharisee will prove, if only he happens to come across the temptation which really tempts him; and how such a man's desire, if it meets with opposition, reveals in him quite another being—a villain, a brute beast—who allows himself actions worse a hundredfold than those which, in the calm superiority of a spotless conscience, he has hitherto punished in others with the utmost severity.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Isabella.

The humorous scenes would be altogether repulsive were it not that they are needed to present, without disguise or extenuation, the worst of moral license and corruption out of and above which rise the virginal strength and severity and beauty of Isabella. At the entrance to the dark and dangerous tragic world into which Shakspere was now about to pass stand the figures of Isabella and of Helena—one the embodiment of conscience, the other the embodiment of will. Isabella is the only one of Shakspere's women whose heart and eyes are fixed upon an impersonal ideal, to whom something abstract is more, in the ardor and energy of her youth, than any human personality. Out of this Vienna, in which

> "Corruption boils and bubbles
> Till it o'errun the stew,"

emerges this pure zeal, this rectitude of will, this virgin

sanctity. Isabella's saintliness is not of the passive, timorous, or merely meditative kind. It is an active pursuit of holiness through exercise and discipline. She knows nothing of a Manichæan hatred of the body; the life runs strongly and gladly in her veins; simply her soul is set upon things belonging to the soul, and uses the body for its own purposes. And that the life of the soul may be invigorated, she would bring every unruly thought into captivity, "having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience." . . .

Isabella does not return to the sisterhood of Saint Clare. Putting aside from her the dress of religion, and the strict conventual rule, she accepts her place as Duchess of Vienna. In this there is no dropping-away, through love of pleasure or through supineness, from her ideal; it is entirely meet and right. She has learned that in the world may be found a discipline more strict, more awful, than the discipline of the convent; she has learned that the world has need of her. Her life is still a consecrated life; the vital energy of her heart can exert and augment itself through glad and faithful wifehood, and through noble station, more fully than in seclusion. To preside over this polluted and feculent Vienna is the office and charge of Isabella, "a thing ensky'd and sainted."

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Angelo.

Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th

of January; where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility"; and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Over-done, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet—than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness—seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged

reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honour on him; but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning; which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of truth in his statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes"; and sets him down as an exception to the old proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk": and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has

practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Minor Characters.

They [the comic scenes], as well as the loftier scenes of the piece, are but too faithful pictures of the degrading and hardening influence of licentious passion, from the lighter profligacy of Lucio, the dissipated gentleman, to the grosser and contented degradation of the Clown; and if these are all painted with the truth of Hogarth or Crabbe, they are depicted with no air of sport or mirth, but rather with that of bitter scorn. The author seems to smile like his own Cassius, "as if he mocked himself." Thus Elbow, in his self-satisfied conceit and pedantic ignorance, would appear, as some of the critics regard him, simply as an inferior version of Dogberry. But he is not a Dogberry in whose absurdities the author himself luxuriates, but one whose peculiarities are delineated with a contemptuous sneer. Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city, life—a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits—thus substantially not a very different character from some of the lighter personages of the prior dramas; but he differs mainly from them because exhibited under a very different light, and regarded in a different temper. The others are represented in his scenes as they appeared to the transient acquaintance, or the companions of their pleasures. But the poet looks deeper into the heart and life of Lucio, and portrays this man of pleasure in the same mood which governs the higher and more tragic scenes of this drama—a mood sometimes contemptuous,

sometimes sad, often indignant, but never such as had been his former wont, either merely playful or imaginative. Thus it seems to me that, if his comic scenes excite mirth from their truth, it is a mirth in which the author did not participate; and their sarcastic humour assimilates itself in feeling to that of the stern and grave interest of the plot, and the strong passion of its poetic scenes. Characters, in themselves light and amusing, are branded with contempt from the degradation of licentious habits; while the same passion, in a form of less grossness, but of deeper guilt, prostrates before it high reputation, talent, and wisdom. The intellectual and amiable Claudio, willing to purchase "the weariest and most loathed worldly life," at any cost of shame and sin, is strangely contrasted with the drunken Barnardine, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come." Indeed, the higher characters are mainly discriminated from the lower ones, in this moral delineation, in that conscience is dull or dead in the latter, while it appears in all its terrors in Angelo and Claudio, and in all the majesty of purity in Isabella.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VII.

The Play as a Whole.

There is very much in *Measure for Measure* that of itself would assign it to the period of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona, All's Well that Ends Well, Titus Andronicus, Love's Labour's Lost*—plays which are all equally remarkable for imperfections, and for the beauties and displays of genius associated with them. . . .

The city of Vienna is the scene of the play—it is represented as a very sink of sensual defilement, corrupted and ravaged in every physical and moral quality, the consequence of the suspension, for fourteen years, of the activity of most severe statutes framed to check the national tendency to grossness and licence. The delineation of

such a state of course presents us with images and persons disgusting and contemptible in every sense; and this is one great cause of the uncongenial effect of the entire play. The progress of public demoralization is rather exaggerated than relieved by the character of the reaction to which it has conduced. Dissoluteness in one quarter is compensated by austerity equally in excess in another, and the pride of unblushing and ostentatious vice is matched by equal parade of ostentatious virtue. The picture is a true one of the effect on morals of laws or maxims too severe to be executed; and the action of the play exhibits the farther disorder and complication resulting from the mere revival of unamended statutes, that had never become obsolete but for their need of amendment, and can scarcely have a better fate again. All the questions involved are brought to issue in the play, though it scarcely leaves assurance in conclusion that the instructive experience will have its full weight for the future. We are spectators of a receptacle of stagnant impurities in vehement ferment, and working through stages of decomposition, but the hope of ultimate purification is scarcely set forth so cheeringly as to compensate for the disagreeableness of what we witness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

[*Measure for Measure*] is perhaps, after *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Macbeth,* the play in which Shakspeare struggles, as it were, most with the over-mastering power of his own mind; the depths and intricacies of being, which he has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him; his personages arrest their course of action to pour forth, in language the most remote from common use, thoughts which few could grasp in the clearest expression; and thus he loses something of dramatic excellence in that of his contemplative philosophy. . . . I do not value the comic parts highly: Lucio's impudent profligacy, the result rather of sensual debasement than

of natural ill disposition, is well represented; but Elbow is a very inferior repetition of Dogberry. In dramatic effect, *Measure for Measure* ranks high: the two scenes between Isabella and Angelo, that between her and Claudio, those where the Duke appears in disguise, and the catastrophe in the fifth act, are admirably written and very interesting; except so far as the spectator's knowledge of the two stratagems which have deceived Angelo may prevent him from participating in the indignation at Isabella's imaginary wrong which her lamentations would excite.

HALLAM: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

In *Measure for Measure* Shakspeare was compelled, by the nature of the subject, to make his poetry more familiar with criminal justice than is usual with him. All kinds of proceedings connected with the subject, all sorts of active or passive persons, pass in review before us: the hypocritical lord deputy, the compassionate provost, and the hard-hearted hangman; a young man of quality who is to suffer for the seduction of his mistress before marriage, loose wretches brought in by the police, nay, even a hardened criminal, whom even the preparations for his execution cannot awaken out of his callousness. But yet, notwithstanding this agitating truthfulness, how tender and mild is the pervading tone of the picture! The piece takes improperly its name from punishment; the true significance of the whole is the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so free from errors as to be entitled to deal it out to his equals. The most beautiful embellishment of the composition is the character of Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world, while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. When the cold and stern Angelo, heretofore of unblemished reputation,

whom the duke has commissioned, during his pretended absence, to restrain, by a rigid administration of the laws, the excesses of dissolute immorality, is even himself tempted by the virgin charms of Isabella, supplicating for the pardon of her brother Claudio, condemned to death for a youthful indiscretion; when at first, in timid and obscure language, he insinuates, but at last impudently avouches, his readiness to grant Claudio's life to the sacrifice of her honour; when Isabella repulses his offer with a noble scorn; in her account of the interview to her brother, when the latter at first applauds her conduct, but at length, overcome by the fear of death, strives to persuade her to consent to dishonour—in these masterly scenes, Shakspeare has sounded the depths of the human heart. The interest here reposes altogether on the represented action; curiosity contributes nothing to our delight, for the duke, in the disguise of a monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representative, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended; we look to him with confidence for a happy result. The duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of round-about ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

In *Measure for Measure*, in contrast with the flawless execution of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare has spent his art in just enough modification of the scheme of the older play to make it exponent of this purpose, adapting its ter-

rible essential incidents so that Coleridge found it the only painful work among Shakespeare's dramas, and leaving for the reader of to-day more than the usual number of difficult expressions; but infusing a lavish color and a profound significance into it, so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgements. It remains a comedy, as indeed is congruous with the bland, half-humorous equity which informs the whole composition, sinking from the heights of sorrow and terror into the rough scheme of the earlier piece; yet, it is hardly less full of what is really tragic in man's existence than if Claudio had indeed "stooped to death." Even the humorous concluding scenes have traits of special grace, retaining in less emphatic passages a stray line or word of power, as it seems, so that we watch to the end for the traces where the nobler hand has glanced along, leaving its vestiges, as if accidentally or wastefully, in the rising of the style. . . .

The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception of this poetical justice, and the yearning to realize it, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is, to facts; and the recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.

> "'Tis very pregnant:
> The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
> Because we see it; but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it."

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakespeare's moral judgements. They are the moral judgements of an observer, of one who sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together under the surface: they are the judgements of the humourist also, who follows with a half-amused but always pitiful sympathy, the various ways of human disposition, and sees less distance than ordinary men between what are called respectively great and little things.

PATER: *Appreciations.*

Measure for Measure.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*
ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*

Measure for Measure.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency [you add
Due diligency] as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I 'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the

sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what 's the news with you?
Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.
Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?
Pom. A woman.
Mrs Ov. But what 's his offence?
Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?
Pom. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?
Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man?
Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.
Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?
Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.
Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?
Pom. To the ground, mistress.
Mrs Ov. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?
Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.
Mrs Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What 's thy offence, Claudio?
Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What, is 't murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.
Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight:
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:

Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be re-

membered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

:lb. And a half, sir.
:scal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?
:lb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.
:scal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.
:lb. To your worship's house, sir?
'scal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What 's o'clock, think you?
ust. Eleven, sir.
scal. I pray you home to dinner with me.
ust. I humbly thank you.
'scal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there 's no remedy.
ust. Lord Angelo is severe.
scal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

erv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]
I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood.
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome: what 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Isab. "Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life."

Measure for Measure. Act 2, Scene 2.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. 'Save your honour!
[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*
Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I 'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd!

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

Ang. "Fit thy concept to my sharp appetite."

To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long, I 'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The prenzie Angelo!
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards? Dost thou think, Claudio?—
If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name.
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. "O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?"

Measure for Measure. Act 3, Scene 1.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which

is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But

it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make

societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The moated grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music hath oft such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is

come even now. I shall crave your forbearance
a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for
some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hang-

man is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio.

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]
Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfac-

tion, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution,

and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now ' for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all

night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclined; And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why

meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

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Scene V.

Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Street near the city-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The city-gate.

Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. A warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of a tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone.—An officer! 120
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly. 130

Duke. Words against me! this 's a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo:
In this I 'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord: I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she moe than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say your husband.

lari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
lng. This is a strange abuse. Let 's see thy face.
lari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
luke. Know you this woman?
ucio. Carnally, she says.
luke. Sirrah, no more!
ucio. Enough, my lord.
lng. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
lari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined

Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum': honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll
touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts

enough upon him: let him speak no more.
Away with those giglets too, and with the other
confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir!
Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be
hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a
Duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar
and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit
you down.
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by
your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Duke. ". . . Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out."

Measure for Measure. Act. 5, Scene 1.

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.

I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*
Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward.
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.
Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

te, decided; "be abs.," make up your mind"; . 5; perfect, V. i. 54.
delusion; V. i. 205.
modations, comforts; . 14.
ise, instruct; I. i. 42.
ising, instructing; V. i.

consideration; V. i. 468.
m, feeling; II. iv. 168.
ms, passions; III. i. 108.
it the rate of; II. i. 246.
lding, being the ground oundation of all; II. iv.
ther suggested emenda-; all-binding; all-hold-

ices, remedies, means; . 89.
tment, equipment; III.

ation; "receive her ap.," nter upon her proba- I. ii. 178.
ugh indeed; II. iv. 89.
advised, aware; II. ii.

eel away; III. i. 72.
! (used equivocally), a of sweet wine; III. ii. 4.
architectural term for vision of a building, ed by the single win-dows or other openings; II. i. 246.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iii. 163.

Belongings, endowments; I. i. 30.

Billets, small logs of wood; IV. iii. 55.

Bite by the nose, to treat with contempt; III. i. 109.

Blench, start away; IV. v. 5.

Boldness, confidence; IV. ii. 163.

Bonds, obligations; V. i. 8.

Boot, advantage, profit; II. iv. 11.

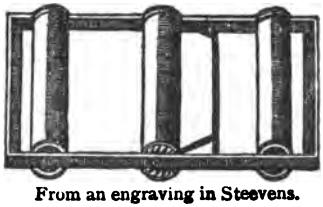
Bore in hand, kept in expectation; I. iv. 51-2.

Borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.

Bosom, heart's desire; IV. iii. 137.

Bottom; "to look into the b. of my place," *i.e.* "to know it thoroughly"; I. i. 79.

Brakes, instruments of torture. (See Notes.)



From an engraving in Steevens.

Bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.
Breeds; "my sense b. with it," *i.e.* "many new thoughts are awakened by it in me"; II. ii. 142.
Bum, alluding to Bumbast, cotton used to stuff out garments; II. i. 220.

From Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant (1653).

Bunch of grapes, name of a room; it was the custom to name the several rooms in taverns; II. i. 132.

Censure, to pass judgement, or sentence, upon; I. iv. 72; II. i. 29.
Character, writing, outward mark; I. i. 28; handwriting, IV. ii. 202.
Characts, characters; V. i. 56.
Cheap, of small value; III. i. 183.
Circummured, walled round; IV. i. 28.
Clack-dish, a wooden dish or box carried by beggars; III. ii. 134.

From an old French painting in the Ashmolean Museum.

Clap, to begin without delay; IV. iii. 41.
Close, to make peace, come to an agreement; V. i. 345.
Close, silent, secret; IV. iii. 121.
Cold, cool, deliberate; IV. iii. 102.
Combinate, betrothed; III. i. 229.
Combined, bound; IV. iii. 147.
Comes off well, is well told; II. i. 57.
Commodity, quantity of wares, parcel; IV. iii. 5.
Compact, leagued; V. i. 242.
Composition, compact; V. i. 220.
Concerning; "c. her observance," *i.e.* "which it concerns her to observe"; IV. i. 42.
Concupiscible, concupiscent; V. i. 98.
Confixed, fixed; V. i. 232.
Conserve, preserve; III. i. 88.
Constantly, firmly; IV. i. 21.
Consummate, being consummated; V. i. 382.
Continue, blunderingly misunderstood by Elbow to refer to some penalty or other; II. i. 195; to let live, IV. iii. 86.

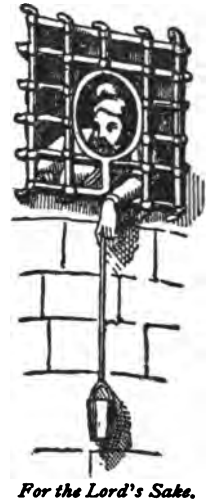
Contrarious, contradictory; IV. i. 62.
Convenient, fitting; IV. iii. 105.
Convented, summoned; V. i. 158.
Countenance, hypocrisy; V. i. 118.
Covent, convent; IV. iii. 131.
Creation; "their cr.," *i.e.* "their (men's) nature"; II. iv. 127.
Credent bulk, weight of credit; IV. iv. 28.
Credulous, readily yielding; II. iv. 130. "*Cucullus* non facit monachum," *i.e.* "All hoods make not monks"; V. i. 263.
Cunning, sagacity; IV. ii. 163.

Defiance, rejection, refusal; III. i. 143.
Definitive, resolved; V. i. 431.
Delighted, accustomed to ease and delight; III. i. 121.
Denunciation, declaration; I. ii. 147.
Deputation, deputyship; I. i. 21.
Desperately; "d. mortal," *i.e.* "terribly near death"; others, "desperate in his incurring of death"; "destined to die without hope of salvation"; IV. ii. 151.
Detected, charged, accused; III. ii. 129.
Determined, limited, bounded; III. i. 70.
Determines, assigns; I. i. 39.
Detest, Elbow's blunder for "protest"; II. i. 68.
Discover, recognise; IV. ii. 181.
Discover, expose; III. i. 197.
Dispenses with, excuses; III. i. 135.
Dissolution, death; III. ii. 237.
Disvalued, depreciated; V. i. 221.
Disvouched, contradicted; IV. iv. 1.
Dolours, used quibblingly with play upon "dollar"; I. ii. 50.
Draw; "as it refers to the tapster it signifies to drain, to empty"; as it is related to "hang" it means "to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle"; in Froth's answer it is the same as "to bring along by some motive or power"; II. i. 208.
Drawn in, taken in, swindled; II. i. 213.
Dressings, habiliments; V. i. 56.
Dribbling, weak; I. iii. 2.

Effects, expressions; III. i. 24.
Emmew, to coop up, "to force to lie in cover without daring to show themselves"; III. i. 91.
Enshield, concealed, enclosed; II. iv. 80.
Ensky'd, placed in heaven; I. iv. 34.
Entertain, desire to keep; III. i. 75.
Escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.
Estimation, reputation; IV. ii. 28.
Evasion, excuse; I. i. 51.
Evils, privies; II. ii. 172.

Fact, crime; IV. ii. 141.

False, illegal; II. iv. 49.
Falsely, dishonestly, illegally; II. iv. 47.
Fault; "fault and glimpse," *i.e.* the faulty glimpse; a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority; I. ii. 157.
Favour, used equivocally with a play upon "favour" = "countenance"; IV. ii. 32; face, IV. ii. 182.
Fear, affright; II. i. 2.
Fear; "to give fear," = "to intimidate"; I. iv. 62.
Feodary (so Folios 2, 3, 4; Fol. 1 fedarie), originally one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord, hence one who acts under the direction of another; here, "one of the human fraternity"; II. iv. 122.
Fewness and truth, briefly and truly; I. iv. 39.
File, multitude; III. ii. 144.
Fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.
Fine, punishment; II. ii. 40.
Flourish, adorn; IV. i. 75.
Flowery tenderness, i.e. a tender woman "whose action is no stronger than a flower" (*cp.* Sonnet LXV. 4); III. i. 83.
Foison, plenty; I. iv. 43.
Fond, foolish; II. ii. 187; V. i. 105; foolishly overprized; II. ii. 149.
Foppery, folly; I. ii. 132.
Forfeit, liable to penalty; III. ii. 205.
"*For the Lord's sake,*" the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by; IV. iii. 21.



For the Lord's Sake.
From Braithwait's Honest Ghost, or A Voice from the Vault (1658).

Free, liberal; V. i. 392.
French crown, a bald head produced by a certain disease; used equivocally; I. ii. 52.

Garden-house, summer-house; V. i. 212.
General, populace; II. iv. 27.
Generation, race; IV. iii. 91.
Generative, (?) begot; "a motion g."; "a puppet born of a female being" (but probably Theobald's emendation is correct—"ungenerative"); III. ii. 119.

Generous and gravest, i.e. most generous and most grave; IV. vi. 13.
Ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 48.
Giglets, giglots; wantons; V. i. 351.
Glassy essence; "that essential nature of man which is like glass, from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction"; II. ii. 120.
Grace, good fortune, happiness; I. iv. 69.
Gradation, regular advance from step to step; IV. iii. 102.
Grange, a solitary farmhouse; III. i. 275.
Gratulate, gratifying; V. i. 533.
Gravel, flinty; IV. iii. 66.
Guard; "stands at a guard with," *i.e.* "is on his guard against"; I. iii. 51.
Guards, facings, trimmings; III. i. 97.

Hannibal, Elbow's error for "cannibal"; II. i. 181.
Happily, haply; IV. ii. 98.
Heavy, drowsy; sleepy; IV. i. 35.
Helmed, directed; III. ii. 151.
Hent, seized, taken possession of; IV. vi. 14.
Hide, suppress; V. i. 67.
His, its; IV. i. 31.
Home and home, to the quick; IV. iii. 146.
Hot-house, bathing-house; II. i. 65.

Ignomy (so Folio 1) = ignominy (which word suits the metre better); II. iv. 111.
Impartial, taking no part; V. i. 166.
Imports, carries with it; V. i. 108.
Importune, urge; I. i. 57.
Incertain, unsettled, vague; III. i. 127.
Informal, insane; V. i. 236.
In good time, so be it, very well; III. i. 181.
Iniquity, see Justice.
Insensible of, indifferent to; IV. ii. 151.
Instance, intimation; IV. iii. 132.
Invention, imagination; II.iv. 3.
Inward, intimate friend; III. ii. 138.
Issues, purposes; I. i. 37.

Journal, diurnal; IV. iii. 90.
Justice or Iniquity; "that is the constable or the fool; Escalus calls the latter Iniquity in allusion to the old Vice, a familiar character in the ancient moralites and dumb-shows"; II. i. 174.

Keeps, dwells; I. iii. 10.

Lapwing ("the bird diverts attention from its nest by flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman there by fluttering"); I. iv. 32.
Leaven'd, well fermented, ripened; I. i. 52.
Leiger, a *resident* ambassador at a foreign court; III. i. 59.

Like, likely to be believed; V. i. 104.
Limit, appointed time; III. i. 222.
Limited, appointed; IV. ii. 174.
Lists, bounds, limits; I. i. 6.
Loss of question, absence of any better argument; II. iv. 90.
Lower chair, an easy chair; II. i. 131.
Luxury, lust; V. i. 505.

Meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 86.
Medlar, used wantonly for "woman"; IV. iii. 180.
Mere, particular; V. i. 152.
Metre (refers probably to the ancient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung); I. ii. 22.
Moe, more; "moe thousand deaths," *i.e.* "a thousand more deaths"; III. i. 40.
Mortality, death; I. i. 45.
Mother, abbess; I. iv. 86.
Motion, a thing endowed with movement; III. i. 120.
Mystery, trade; IV. ii. 29.

Nature, life; II. iv. 43.
No; "reason dares her no," *i.e.* "admonishes her not to do it"; IV. iv. 27.

Obstruction, stagnation of the blood; III. i. 119.
Office, service; V. i. 368.
Omit, pass by; IV. iii. 75.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 175.
Owe, possess, have; I. iv. 83; II. iv. 123.

Pace, to make to go (lit. to teach a horse to move according to the will of the rider); IV. iii. 135.
Pain, penalty; II. iv. 86.
Pain'd, put to trouble; V. i. 390.
Parcel-bawd, part bawd; II. i. 62.
Part; "my p. in him," *i.e.* "my office delegated to him"; I. i. 42.
Partial; "nothing come in p." *i.e.* "no partiality be allowed"; II. i. 31.
Particular, private; IV. iv. 29.
Passes, proceedings; V. i. 374.
Passing on, i.e. passing sentence on; II. i. 19.
Peaches, impeaches; IV. iii. 12.
Pelting, paltry; II. ii. 112.
Perdurably, everlastingly; III. i. 115.
Philip and Jacob, i.e. the feast of St. P. and St. J. (May 1st); III. ii. 214.
Piled; "a quibble between *piled,* peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet; three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest"; I. ii. 35.
Planched, planked; IV. i. 30.
Pluck on, draw on; II. iv. 147.
Possess'd, informed; IV. i. 44.
Practice, plot; V. i. 107, 123.
Precept, instruction; "in action all of p." = "with actions intended to instruct me" (*i.e.* shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand); IV. i. 40.

Prefers itself, places itself before everything else; I. i. 55.
Pregnant, expert; I. i. 12; evident; II. i. 23.
Prenzie, prim; III. i. 94, 97.
Present; "p. shrift," *i.e.* "immediate absolution"; IV. ii. 217.
Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 80.
Preserved, kept pure; II. ii. 153.
Prints, impressions; II. iv. 130.
Probation, proof; V. i. 157.
Profanation, Elbow's blunder for "profession"; II. i. 55.
Profession, business; IV. iii. 2.
Profiting, taking advantage; II. iv. 128.
Prolixious, tiresome and hindering; II. iv. 162.
Prone and speechless, probably to be considered as equivalent to "speechlessly prone," *i.e.* speaking fervently and eagerly without words (or perhaps "prone" = deferential); I. ii. 183.
Proper, own; III. i. 30; V. i. 412; personally, peculiarly; I. i. 31.
Proper to, belonging to; V. i. 110.
Proportion, measure; I. ii. 23.
Proportions, portion, fortune; V. i. 219.
Provincial; "here p." = "under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province"; V. i. 318.
Provokest, invokest; III. i. 18.
Put, compelled; I. i. 5.
Putting-on, incitement; IV. ii. 120.

Qualify, check; IV. ii. 86.
Question, consideration; I. i. 47.
Quests, spyings; IV. i. 62.
Quit, acquit, forgive; V. i. 487.

Race, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.
Rack, distort; IV. i. 65.
Ravin down, ravenously devour; I. ii. 128.
Rebate, make dull; I. iv. 60.
Received, understood; II. iv. 82.
Refell'd, refuted; V. i. 94.
Remission; "apt r." = a ready pardon, readiness to forgive; V. i. 502.
Remonstrance, demonstration; V. i. 396.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 54; V. i. 100.
Remove, absence; I. i. 44.
Renouncement, renunciation of the world; I. v. 35.
Resolve, inform; III. i. 192.
Respected, misapplied by Elbow and Pompey (= suspected); II. i. 164, 167.
Restrained, forbidden; II. iv. 48.
Retort; "to refer back (to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke)"; V. i. 303.

Salt, lustful; V. i. 405.
Satisfy your resolution, sustain your courage; III. i. 170.

Saucy, wanton; II. iv. 45.
Scaled, weighed (or perhaps "stripped" as of scales, unmasked; "foiled" has been suggested as an emendation); III. i. 264.
Scope, power; I. i. 65; licence; I. ii. 126; I. iii. 35.
Scruple, very small quantity; I. i. 38; doubtful perplexity; I. i. 65.
Secondary, subordinate; I. i. 47.
Sects, classes, ranks. II. ii. 5.
See = Rome; III. ii. 233.
Seeming, hypocrisy; II. iv. 150.
Seldom when, i.e. 'tis seldom that; IV. ii. 89.
Serpigo, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.
Several, different; II. iv. 2.
Shears; "there went but a pair of shears between us," *i.e.* "we are both of the same piece"; I. ii. 28.
Sheep-biting, thievish; V. i. 358.
Shield, forfend; "Heaven s. my mother play'd my father fair," *i.e.* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son"; III. i. 141.
Shrewd, evil, mischievous; II. i. 253.
Sicles (the Folios "sickles"), shekels; II. ii. 149.
Siege, seat; IV. ii. 101.
Sith, since; I. ii. 35.
Smack, have a taste, savour; II. ii. 5.
Snatches, repartees; IV. ii. 6.
Sort and suit, rank and service (*i.e.* suit-service, due to a superior lord); IV. iv. 18.
Soul, "with special s.," *i.e.* with special liking; I. i. 18.
Spare, forbear to offend; II. iii. 33.
Splay (so first Folio; Steevens "spay"), to castrate; II. i. 234.
Stage, to make a show of; I. i. 69.
Stagger, waver, hesitate; I. ii. 164.
Starkly, stiffly, as if dead; IV. ii. 69.
Stays upon, waits for; IV. i. 47.
Stead, be of service to; I. iv. 17.
Stead up, to supply; III. i. 258.
Stew, cauldron; V. i. 321.
Story, subject of mirth; I. iv. 30.
Straitness, strictness; III. ii. 271.
Stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.
Succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.
Sufferance, suffering;; III. i. 80.
Sweat, the plague was popularly known as "the sweating sickness"; I. ii. 82.
Sweetness, self-indulgence; II. iv. 45.
Swinged, whipped; V. i. 130.

Tax, accuse; II. iv. 79.
Temporary meddler, one who meddles with temporal matters; V. i. 145.

Tick-tack. From a picture by Teniers.

Terms; "the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Terms de la Ley* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone); I. i. 11.

Tickle, unstable; I. ii. 171.

Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (used equivocally); I. ii. 191.

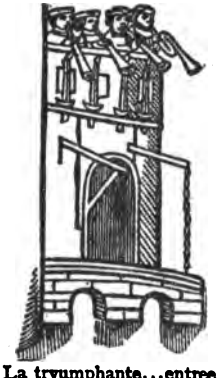
Tilth, tillage; I. iv. 44.

Tithe, seed to be sown; tenth of the harvest (probably an error for "tilth," *i.e.* land to be sown); IV. i. 76.

Touches, vices; III. ii. 25.

Touse, pull, tear; V. i. 313.

Trade, custom; established habit; III. i. 149.



From 'La tryumphante...entree faicte sur le...advenement de...prince... Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.)...en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

Transport, remove from one world to another; IV. iii. 70.
Trick, fashion; V. i. 509.
Trot, a contemptuous name, applied properly to an old woman; III. ii. 52.
Trumpets ("t. to the gate"), trumpeters; IV. v. 9.
Tub, the sweating-tub, used as a cure for certain diseases; III. ii. 59.
Tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 182.

From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Unfolding, releasing from the fold or pen; IV. ii. 213.
Ungenitured (?), impotent (perhaps "unbegotten"); III. ii. 184.
Ungot, not begotten; V. i. 142.
Unpitied, unmerciful; IV. ii. 13.
Unpregnant, unready, inapt; IV. iv. 22.
Unshunned, inevitable; III. ii. 62.
Unsisting, probably a misprint (in Folios 1, 2, 3) for "insisting" (the reading of Fol. 4), *i.e.* "persistent"; IV. ii. 92.
Untrussing; "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet"; III. ii. 190.
Unweighing, injudicious; III. ii. 147.
Use, practices long countenanced by custom; I. iv. 62.
Use, interest, probably with a secondary sense of "exertion"; I. i. 41.

Vail your regard, lower your look; V. i. 20.
Vain; "for v." = in vain, to no purpose; II. iv. 12.
Vantage; "denies thee v.," *i.e.* "will avail thee nothing"; V. i. 417.
Vastidity, vastness; III. i. 69.
Veil full purpose, to cover his full p.; IV. vi. 4.
Viewless, invisible; III. i. 124.
Virtuous, beneficial; II. ii. 168.
Voice; "in my v." = "in my name"; I. ii. 180.
Vouch, affirmation; II. iv. 156.
Vulgarly, publicly; V. i. 160.

Warp, deviate; I. i. 15.
Warped, crooked, wry, unnatural; III. i. 142.
Wear, fashion; III. ii. 78.
Weeds; "*weed* is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse" (Collier); emendations proposed: "steeds," "wills"; I. iii. 20.
Who = which; I. ii. 190.
Widow, to give as jointure; V. i. 428.
Wilderness, wildness; III. i. 142.
Woodman, one who hunts female game; IV. iii. 166.

Wrong; "done myself w.," *i.e.* "put myself in the wrong"; I. ii. 41.

Yare, ready; IV. ii. 60.

Yield; "y. you forth to public thanks," *i.e.* "yield public thanks to you"; V. i. 7.

Zodiacs, circuits of the sun, years; I. ii. 167.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 8, 9. There is no gap between '*sufficiency*' and '*as*' in the Folios. Theobald first advanced the plausible theory that the obscurity of the passage was due to some careless omission on the part of the printers. The Camb. Ed., accepting Theobald's theory, indicates the omission by means of dots. Various attempts have been made to explain the lines, *e.g.* "*But that to your sufficiences your worth is abled*" (Johnson); "*But your sufficiency as worth is able*" (Farmer); Theobald's suggestion has been adopted in the present edition.

I. i. 43. '*Hold therefore, Angelo*'; the Duke probably says these words on tendering commission to Angelo.

I. ii. 28. '*There went but a pair of shears between us;*' *i.e.* 'we are of one piece.'

I. ii. 119. '*by weight the words,*' so Ff., '*by weight; I' the words,*' Hanmer; perhaps, as Johnson conjectured, a line has dropped out.

I. ii. 120. *Cp. St. Paul to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy," and again, "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy, and *whom He will* He hardeneth."

I. ii. 133. '*Morality*'; the Folios misprint '*mortality.*'

I. ii. 149. '*Propagation*'; Folio 1 reads *propogation,* corrected in Folio 2; *prorogation, procuration, preservation,* have been suggested by various editors, but the text as it stands is probably correct, though not altogether clear; '*propagation*' = 'increase'; perhaps the word implies 'increase of interest,' and '*for propagation*' = 'that she might continue to receive the interest, which was to be hers while she remained unmarried.'

I. iii. 10. '*and witless,*' F_2 F_3 F_4; F_1 '*witless*'; Nicholson conj. '*a* witless.'

I. iii. 27. '*Becomes,*' added by Pope (after Davenant); Ff. omit the verb.

I. iii. 43. '*To do in slander*'; so the Folios; '*me*' and '*it*' have

been suggested for '*in*,' but no change seems necessary; '*do in*' = 'bring in, bring upon me.'

I. iv. 54. '*givings-out*,' Rowe; Ff. '*giving-out*.'

I. iv. 78. '*make*'; Ff. '*makes*.'

II. i. 39. '*Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;*' the line as it stands in the Folios—'*brakes of ice*'—which is kept by the Camb. ed., is obviously corrupt, and has occasioned much discussion. Shakespeare probably wrote '*brakes of vice*'; *brakes* = 'tortures, instruments of torture' (see Glossary); '*of vice*' = resulting from, or due to, vice; '*brakes of vice*' is antithetical to '*a fault alone*,' *cp. Henry VIII.*, I ii. 75—

> "*the rough brake*
> *That virtue must go through.*"

The passage seems to mean: 'some escape scot-free from the penalties of vice—*the rough brakes* that vice ought to go through, while others are condemned for a mere fault.'

II. i. 135. '*an open room*'; Schmidt, "public room"; perhaps it means 'open to sun, light, cheerful.'

II. ii. 79. '*Like man new made*'; commentators are strongly tempted to refer the words to '*new made man*,' *i.e.* Adam; Holt White paraphrased thus:—"And you Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Malone explains:—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation." Schmidt and others, "like man redeemed and regenerated by divine grace." The lines are perhaps capable of this interpretation:—And mercy will breathe within your lips, even as Mercy (*i.e.* God) breathed within the lips of new made man.

II. ii. 90. "*Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*," is a well-known maxim in law (Holt White).

II. ii. 159. '*Where prayers cross*,' *i.e.* where his prayer to possess Isabella crosses with hers, "Heaven keep your *honour* safe!"

II. iii. 11. '*the flaws of her own youth*'; possibly Warburton's correction, "*flames*," should be adopted; *cp.*

> '*To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,*
> *And melt in her own fire.*'—HAMLET, III. iv. 84.

II. iii. 40. '*O injurious love*' (Folios '*loue*'); Hanmer's suggestion, '*law*' for '*loue*,' has been generally accepted; the law respited her 'a life whose very comfort' was 'a dying horror.'

II. iv. 9. *fear'd*; probably a misprint = '*feared*,' *i.e.* '*seared*.'

II. iv. 103. '*That longing have been sick for*'; Rowe suggested, '*I've been sick for*'; for the omission of pronoun, *cp.* '*Has censured him*,' I. iv. 72.

II. iv. 172. '*O perilous mouths*'; the line is defective as it stands. (?) '*O pernicious mouths*' (Walker), or '*these perilous*' (Seymour).

III. i. 11. '*thou art death's fool;*' the phrase was possibly suggested by the introduction of the *fool* into most of the old *dances of death*, one of which was the original source of the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618).

III. i. 94, 97. *Prenzie*; the source of this strange word has baffled students; it seems identical with the Scottish *primsie*, 'demure, precise,' which in its turn is connected with *prim* (in Old French *prin pren*): under any circumstances there is no reason why the word should be changed, as has been proposed, to 'princely,' the reading of the 2nd Folio, or 'priestly,' 'pensive,' etc.

III. i. 123.

" or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;"

Cp. the following cut from Pynson's edition of the *Kalender of Shepherdes* (1506).

III. ii. 9. " The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for decoration" (Clarke).

III. ii. 12-14. '*Good father friar*' . . . '*good brother father*'; the joke, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, would be clearer in French, '*mon père frère*' . . . '*mon frère père*.'

III. ii. 41. '*Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!*'

so F_2 F_3 (with comma after *seeming*); F_1 *'from our faults,'* etc., retained by Camb. Ed., but the reading adopted commends itself from metrical and other considerations, *i.e.*, "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)." Hanmer proposed, *'from our faults as from faults seeming free.'* If any correction is really necessary, one feels inclined to hazard—

'Free from our faults, as from false seeming, free.'

(*Cp.* *'thy false seeming,'* II. iv. 15.)

III. ii. 242. *'security enough to make fellowships accurst'*; *cp.* Prov. xi 15.

III. ii. 276-298. These lines are in all probability not Shakespeare's.

III. ii. 280. *'Grace to stand, and virtue go;'* *i.e.* 'To have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward.'

III. ii. 289-292. *'How may likeness made in crimes,'* etc.; these lines do not readily admit of interpretation, and some corruption has probably crept into the text; Malone suggested *wade* for

made, i.e. "How may hypocrisy wade in crimes;" Hanmer, '*that likeness shading crimes,*' etc. None of the suggestions seem very satisfactory. Perhaps *to draw* = '*to—draw,*' *i.e.* 'pull to pieces' (?).

IV. i. 1. This song appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother,* with the addition of the following stanza, assuredly not Shakespeare's, though found in the spurious edition of his poems, (1640)—

> "*Hide, O hide those hills of snow*
> *Which thy frozen bosom bears,*
> *On whose tops the pinks that grow*
> *Are of those that April wears;*
> *But first set my poor heart free,*
> *Bound by those icy chains by thee.*"

IV. i. 13. "Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment" (Johnson).

IV. i. 76. '*tilth*'; Theobald's emendation for '*tithe,*' the reading of Ff., retained by Camb. Ed.

IV. ii. 45-49. *if it be too little—thief*; the Folios give this to *Clo.* (Pompey); Capell first transferred it to Abhorson, and he has been followed by most editors. Cowden Clarke defends the Folio arrangement; among other arguments he maintains that "the speech is much more in character with the clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

IV. iv. 6. '*redeliver*'; Folio 1, '*re-liuer*'; Folio 2, '*deliuer*'; Capell first suggested '*redeliver.*'

IV. iv. 28. '*bears of a credent bulk*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; many emendations have been proposed; the reading of F_4 seems the most plausible—'*bears off a credent bulk*'; '*credent bulk*' = 'weight of credit.'

V. i. 64. '*do not banish reason For inequality; i.e.* because of 'improbability,' 'incongruity,' or, according to some, 'partiality.'

V. i. 323. "These shops," according to Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures.* It is not to be wondered that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

V. i. 359. '*be hanged an hour*' seems to have been a cant phrase, meaning little more than 'be hanged!'

V. i. 360. '*madest,*' monosyllabic; Ff. '*mad'st*'; Capell '*made.*'

V. i. 496. '*Give me your hand*'; *i.e.* 'if you give me your hand.'

V. i. 526. "*pressing to death,*" = "*peine forte et dure*": illustrated by the accompanying drawing.

From 'The Life and Death of Griffin Hood . . .' (1623).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

11. *terms*:—Blackstone says: "An old book, called *Les Termes de la Ley,* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law." The book was written in the time of Henry VIII., and was used in Blackstone's time.

31. *so proper*:—So much or so exclusively thy own property.

37. *to fine issues*:—That is, to noble ends, to high purposes.

37. *nor Nature*:—Two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in *Julius Cæsar,* III. i.: "*Nor* to *no* Roman else."

43. *Hold therefore, Angelo*:—Tyrwhitt thinks the Duke here checks himself—*Hold, therefore:* and that *Angelo* begins a new sentence. But *hold* seems addressed to Angelo; the sense being—"Hold, therefore, our power"; referring to the commission which the Duke has in his hand. "These," says Douce, "are words of great import, and ought to be made clear, as on them depends the chief incident of the play."

45, 46. *Mortality,* etc.:—That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

Scene II.

94. *houses in the suburbs*:—In one of the Scotch Laws of James

it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is."

120. *The words of heaven*:—Authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of heaven.* The Poet applies to this uncontrollable power a passage from Paul's *Epistle to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18, which he styles *the words of heaven*: "for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," etc.; and again: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," etc.

128. *Like rats that ravin down,* etc.:—In the same sense of *ravenously devour, ravin up* is used in *Macbeth,* II. iv. In Chapman's *Revenge for Honour* are these lines:—

> "Like poison'd rats, which, when they 've swallow'd
> The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
> And can rest then much less, until they burst."

147. *denunciation*:—*Denounce* was sometimes used in the sense of publish, proclaim, or *announce.* Thus in Holinshed and others we have the phrase, "*denouncing* war." So, also, in Raleigh's *History of the World*: "But Gracchus's soldiers, which were all, in a manner, the late armed slaves, had received from their general a peremptory *denunciation,* that, this day, or never, they must purchase their liberty, bringing every man, for price thereof, an enemy's head."

149. A singular use of *propagation.* The word here probably means *continuance,* or perhaps increase. In Chapman's *Odyssey,* xvi., occurs this passage:—

> "to try if we,
> Alone, may propagate to victory
> Our bold encounters;"

and again, in Chapman's *Iliad,* iv.:—

> "I doubt not but this night
> Even to the fleete to propagate the Greek's unturned flight."

So also in Dryden's *Virgil*:—

> "Afric and India shall his power obey;
> He shall extend his *propagated* sway
> Beyond the solar year, without the starry way."

In the present case the meaning would be, that the lovers put off their marriage with a view to *continue* the prospect, to *keep up* the chance, of a dower, until time should favourably dispose the wills of those upon whom the lady's fortune was dependent.

183. *prone*:—There are many different explanations of this word among the editors and commentators. Malone takes it to mean "significant, expressive"; Steevens and White, "humble"; Nares, "prompt, ready"; Clarke, "deferential, gently submissive"; Hunter, "affectionate". Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes it signify "apt, ready, prompt," and adds: "The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks such as moves men.'" Upon Davenant's change of the word to "sweet," Steevens remarks that it shows "that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakespeare, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately."

Scene III.

2. *dribbling*:—"*Dribble*," says Richardson, "is a diminutive of *drib*, from *drip*, and means to do a thing by drips or drops." The sense of *dribbling*, therefore, is *trifling, ineffective*. Thus in Holland's *Livy*: "Howbeit, there passed some *dribbling* skirmishes between the rearward of the Carthaginians and the vauntcouriers of the Romans." So also in Milton's *Apology for Smectymnus*: "For small temptations allure but *dribbling* offenders!" Respecting the use of the term in archery, Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practise with the bow: "He shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squyrter and *dribber*."

3. *complete bosom*:—A bosom completely armed. Accented on the first syllable.

41-43. *Who may . . . slander*:—This is the reading of the original. The passage has often been printed thus:—

> "And yet my nature never in the *sight*
> To do *it* slander."

The words *ambush* and *strike home* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be

seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do,* in the face of detraction and censure.

Scene IV.

30. *make me not your story*:—Such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack. "It ascends *me* into the brain," etc. So that the meaning is, "Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone changed the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not,—your story"; which, surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true,* very unapt.

32. *lapwing*:—This bird diverts pursuers from her nest by fluttering and crying in other places. "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. So in *The Comedy of Errors,* IV. ii. *27, 28*:—

> "Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
> My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

So again, in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*: "You resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

51, 52. *Bore . . . in hand*:—To bear in hand is to carry along with one, or lead along with false hopes or expectations. The phrase is frequent in Shakespeare. So in *2 Henry IV.,* I. ii.: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to *bear a gentleman in hand,* and then stand upon security!"

62. *to give fear to use,* etc.:—That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *fall*:—A causative verb here, *fall* means to *throw down,* make fall, or let fall. Often so in Shakespeare.

15. *which now,* etc.:—To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required—"which now you censure him *for.*" But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

65. *she professes a hot-house*:—Professes, or pretends, *to keep* a hot-house. *Hot-houses* were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished.

92. *distant*:—Pompey, catching Elbow's trick of speech, here uses *distant* for *instant*.

129. *All-hallond eve*:—The *eve of* (evening before) All Saints' day.

131. *a lower chair*:—Most houses had formerly what was called a *lower chair*, that is, an easy chair, designed for the comfort of sick people, and sometimes occupied by lazy ones.

132. *Bunch of Grapes*:—Such names were often given to rooms in the Poet's time. So in the Will of Henry Harte, we read of a "chamber called the Half-moon. In 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. are mentioned the *Half-moon* and the *Pomgarnet* (*Pomegranate*).

Scene II.

35, 36. *let it be his fault*, etc.:—That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.

40. *fine the faults*:—To punish the faults whose punishment is provided for in the law.

85. *of season*:—In proper season; when they are mature or fit.

95. *Looks in a glass*:—Alluding to the magic glasses or mirrors of fortune-tellers and witches, whereby they professed to reveal the future. See *Macbeth*, IV. i. for the use made of such a glass by the Weird Sisters.

100-104. *I show it most*, etc.:—So in Sir Matthew Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

122, 123. *with our spleens*, etc.:—By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels that, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

136. *skins the vice o' the top*:—Shakespeare has used this metaphor again in *Hamlet*, III. iv.: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place." Only in these two passages does the Poet use the verb *skin*.

142. "Such sense as breeds a response in my mind."

157. *Heaven keep your honour safe!*—Isabella prays that his

honour may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honour*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.

159. *Where prayers cross*:—The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is here regarded as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo is going: he is exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting. The passage is thus explained by Heath: "'For I am labouring under a temptation of that peculiar and uncommon kind, that prayers, and every other act of piety and virtue, tend to inflame, instead of allaying it.' For it was the very piety and virtue of Isabella that gave an edge to the lust of Angelo."

172. *evils*:—This term for privies is used again in *Henry VIII.*, II. i.: "Nor build their evils on the graves of great men." No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See *2 Kings* x. 27.

Scene III.

36. *There rest*:—There stand or remain; or, keep yourself in that frame of mind.

Scene IV.

3. *Invention*:—This term for imagination is found in other plays. So in *Henry V.*, I., *Prologue, Chorus*:—

> "O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention."

12-15. *O place, . . . seeming!*—Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendor: those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

17. *the devil's crest*:—The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer; such, for example, as his ancestral name. *The devil's horn* is *the devil's crest*; but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming"; we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise, and is in no manner emblematic of him.

27. *The general*:—The *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So in *Hamlet*, II. ii.: "The play . . . pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general." It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, I. ii., intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I., which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

46-49. *'tis all as easy*, etc.:—The thought is, apparently, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as wrong to pardon the latter as the former.

56. *give my body*:—Isabel uses the words *give my body* in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning is, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."

57, 58. *our compell'd sins*, etc.:—That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes.

79. The *masks* worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet* we have a passage of similar import:—

> "These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

90. *in the loss of question*:—That is, conversation that tends to nothing.

121, 123. *Else let my brother die*, etc.:—A very obscure passage. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first Folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail*—if my brother have no *feodary*, that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty—if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness —then let him die."

127. *men their creation mar*:—The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

145-147. *your virtue*, etc.:—Your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.

162. *prolixious blushes*:—What Milton has elegantly called "sweet, reluctant, amorous *delay*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

11. Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old woodcut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such performances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.

17. *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent.* Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked.* In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

34. *Dreaming on both*:—This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

36. *palsied eld*:—*Trembling old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged,* looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich,* when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

70. *To a determined scope*:—A confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

79-81. *the poor beetle,* etc.:—This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line—"The sense of death is most

in apprehension;" without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.

100, 101. *he would give't thee,* etc.:—That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."

108 *et seq. Has he affections,* etc.:—"Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.

121-123. *the delighted spirit,* etc.:—This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight.

123. *region of thick-ribbed ice*:—So in Ben Jonson's *Catiline,* I. i.: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice,* our whole bloods are one stone, and honour cannot thaw us;" and in *Paradise Lost,* Book ii.—

> "From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable-infix'd, and frozen round,
> Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire."

275. *grange*:—A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defence and safety. The dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

> "Her tears fell with the dews at even,
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats,
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats

She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself.

Scene II.

18. *picklock*:—It is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone,* Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

41. That is, as free from faults as faults are from *seemliness.*

42. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

47, 48. *is there none of Pygmalion's images,* etc.:—That is, have you no new courtesans, as fresh as Pygmalion's living statue, to recommend to your customers?

59. *in the tub*:—The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*

74. *keep the house*:—That is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband.*

134. *clack-dish*:—This wooden dish, formerly carried by beggars, had a movable cover, which they *clacked* or clattered to show that it was empty. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object.

144. "The *greater file,*" the majority of his subjects.

184. *ungenitured*:—That is, unfathered, not begotten after the ordinary course of nature; in accordance with what Lucio says of him a little before.

192. *mutton*:—A wench was called a *laced mutton.* In *Doctor Faustus,* 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* I. i.

242. *security*:—The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority: "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*"—Proverbs, xi. 15.

264. *resolved*:—That is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

280. Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains*, remarks upon this passage: "Worse metre indeed, but better English would be, 'Grace to stand, virtue to go.'"

286. *my vice*:—The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself, I. iii.: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope." Angelo's vice requires no explanation.

287 *et seq. O, what may man*, etc.:—This passage, though rather dark in itself, is intelligible enough, when we consider that the speaker has Angelo in his mind; who, bad as he is, has by his hypocrisy managed to raise himself as high as merit could lift him. *Likeness* apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practising upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honours and emoluments, even while it is rioting in crime!

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. It is found with an additional stanza in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author.

Scene II.

53. *ask forgiveness*:—It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed.

83. *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.

135. *a prisoner nine years old*:—That is, nine years in prison.

151. Perhaps we should read *mortally desperate*; as we have *harmonious charmingly* for *charmingly harmonious* in *The Tempest*.

163. *in the boldness of my cunning*:—That is, in the *confidence* of my *sagacity*.

186. *bared*:—This probably alludes to a practice of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.

213. *the unfolding star*:—So Milton in *Comus*:—

> "The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of heaven doth hold."

Scene III.

4 *et seq.* This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats; all the names are characteristic.

6. *brown paper . . . ginger*:—It was the practice of money-lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*."

21. *for the Lord's sake*:—It appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,* like *Ludgate prisoners,* lo, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless,* 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting,* and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."

91. That is, to the people dwelling on the earth below.

102. *well-balanced form*:—The original has "*weal-balanc'd* form"; which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state —*balanc'd* for the public *weal*; but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that it can scarcely be the Poet's.

164. *lives not in them*:—That is, he depends not on them.

166. *woodman*:—A *woodman* was a hunter. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks his mistresses in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Am I a woodman? Ha!" This use of the word may have sprung from the consonance of *deer* and *dear*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances*, I. viii.:—

> "Well, well, son John,
> I see you are a *woodman*, and can choose
> Your *deer*, though it be i' the dark."

Scene IV.

18. Figure and rank.

27. *dares her no*:—This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her? no; for my authority," etc.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge*, or *call forth*, as in 1 *Henry IV.*, V. ii.:—

> "Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
> To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way"; which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare*, used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So in the text as we give it the sense plainly is—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me"; the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no*; reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances*, III. iv.:—

> "His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
> As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
> I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
> Or any of that family, are tainted,
> Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
> I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*."

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so*. So also in *A Wife for a Month*, by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charged him *no*"; that is, charged him *not to do it*. But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers. The *of* after *bears*, in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight*," etc.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

64, 65. *do not banish . . . inequality*:—The meaning appears to be, "Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."

66. Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true.

90. That is, *suited* to the matter; as in *Hamlet*: "The phrase would be more germane to the matter."

205. *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth*: "My strange and self-*abuse*"; meaning this *strange deception* of myself.

212. *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion, and often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or enclosed garden in the suburbs of London.

236. *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, V. 1: "To make of him a *formal* man again." The speaker had just before said that she would keep Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman, till she had brought him to his right wits again.

280. *light*:—This is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

318. *Provincial* is pertaining to a province; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the provincial, to whom alone the members of that order were accountable.

323, 324. *barber's shop*, etc.:—Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits*; which were *as much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

359. *be hanged an hour!*—"What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile*," is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* we have: "Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile*."

That is, be *hang'd,* be *curst*; *awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive.

396. *rash remonstrance*:—That is, "a premature *display*" of it. Perhaps we should read *de*monstrance; but the word may be formed from *remonstrer,* French, *to show again.*

400. *That brain'd my purpose*:—We still use in conversation a like phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."

415. *Measure* still *for measure* appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So in 3 *Henry VI.,* II. vi.: "*Measure for Measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

417. *though thou wouldst deny,* etc.:—That is, "To deny which will avail thee nothing."

438. *kneel down in mercy*:—That is, to beg for mercy on this act.

443-445. *best men . . . bad*:—On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses our vices to scourge down our pride; as in *All's Well that Ends Well,* IV. iii.: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not."

456, 457. *must be buried,* etc.:—Like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more.

501. *her worth worth yours*:—That is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."

Questions on

Measure for Measure.

1. What is the first printed record of the play? Is there any evidence that it was produced in Shakespeare's day? What facts are used to fix the probable date of the play?

2. Indicate the Italian and English sources of the plot. What part is wholly Shakespeare's? How much time is employed in the action of the play?

3. Does it take place on consecutive days?

4. Mention the attributive epithets that Shakespeare affixes to some of the dramatis personæ. What do you take this to indicate as to the nature, in the main, of the play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What tribute does the Duke pay to Escalus's talents? With what office does he invest Angelo? How are the two men to be associated?

6. What is Escalus's opinion of Angelo?—what is the Duke's?

7. What is the keynote of Angelo's first speech?

8. In what condition does the Duke leave the State? Is he to renounce all duties and functions during his absence?

9. What view of himself does the Duke give in declining an escort out of the city?

10. How do you characterize Sc. i. as contributory to the plot? What time is likely to have elapsed between Scenes i. and ii.?

11. Give your inference concerning the spirit of the play from the pitch that is taken in Sc. ii. before the entrance of Mistress Overdone.

12. What trait of character allies her with Mistress Quickly; the Nurse of *Romeo and Juliet*, etc.?

13. To indicate Shakespeare's breadth of tolerance, what mention of a virtue of Claudio's do we find following close upon the heels of his besetting vice?

14. What edict does Pompey report? Point out the comedy of this whole passage between Pompey and Mistress Overdone.

15. Of Angelo's administration what first act do we see? What is its moral implication?

16. Does Claudio, in his first speech, suggest something of the quality of Hamlet's nature?

17. Explain the nature of the relation between Claudio and Juliet. What does Claudio say of the legal act that was applied to their case? In what light does Angelo's rigor place himself?

18. What traits of Isabella does Claudio expect will aid his case? Do we find that Isabella is thus underestimated?

19. Explain, *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love can pierce a complete bosom.*

20. Give in detail the Duke's purposes as he describes them to Friar Thomas.

21. Which of the two motives, that the Duke advances as explaining his aloofness, do you consider the stronger with him?

22. What is the subject of conversation between Isabella and Francisca when Lucio enters in Sc. iv.?

23. What indictment of Angelo does Lucio make? What does he say of the Duke's action? What was evidently Lucio's social standing?

24. Does Lucio convey the message of Claudio in suggesting the arts that Isabella should use with Angelo? What effect is produced by the arrangement of scenes in this Act, instead of the possible inversion of Scenes ii. and iii.?

ACT SECOND.

25. How does Escalus advise Angelo (Sc. i.) concerning the application of the law to Claudio? What irony is there in Angelo's reply?

26. Is the scene that follows with Elbow too long? How does Elbow compare in humour with Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*? What Shakespearian humour do you see in Pompey's *Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live*?

27. There is evidently a dramatic purpose in this scene that travesties justice;—what is it? Speaking in extenuation of Angelo's severity, Escalus says, *Mercy is not itself that oft looks so.* Interpret this.

28. How is the thought of pardoning Claudio managed in Sc. ii.

so as to grow in intensity and to take its place as a part of the justice of things?

29. What is the temper of Angelo's speech (Sc. iii. 37-41)? May it be said to contain the very kernel of the play?

30. Explain lines 74-79.

31. When does justice become pity in Angelo's philosophy? How near right was he? Is the ground that Angelo took too high for human agency to stand upon?

32. By what turn in Isabella's pleading was Angelo won to reconsider Claudio's case?

33. Was it to avenge his injured self-pride that Angelo meditated the damage to Isabella's chastity? How does Angelo himself think his temptation comes?

34. Sc. iii., while adding little to the action, yet adds what to the plot? Does the Duke stand for the overruling Providence?

35. Compare the speech of Angelo (Sc. iv.) with the prayer-scene of the King in *Hamlet*. What is the difference between a man whose conscience is weighted with a crime and one whose mind is preoccupied with a crime to be committed?

36. What passage here helps to establish the date of the play?

37. Angelo implies what in lines 35, 36? Is there honesty in Angelo's apostrophe to *these filthy vices* (line 43 *et seq.*)?

38. When Angelo accuses Isabella of craft in not following his meaning, is he not himself employing craft to lead her into a trap?

39. Did Angelo add cruelty to his other traits? Why could not Isabella denounce Angelo for what he is?

ACT THIRD.

40. What is the general tenor and temper of the Duke's monologue in the beginning of Act III.? Does anything in *Hamlet* match it for bitterness?

41. What is the dramatic purpose in Isabella's delay in coming to the point of Angelo's demand, as she repeats it to Claudio? What reflection of herself do you see in Claudio?

42. Is it the real Claudio who breaks down later and begs Isabella to make the sacrifice?

43. Compare the speech of Claudio with Hamlet's reflection upon the hereafter. How do they show the difference between the man of senses and the man of thought?

44. How do you account for the words with which Claudio leaves the stage?

45. How does the Duke undertake to solve the difficulty?

46. What covert allusions may Shakespeare have intended (Sc. ii.) in Pompey's speech of the "two usuries"?

47. Had it been Claudio, instead of Lucio, who was asked, would he have gone bail for Pompey?

48. Does Shakespeare intend "poetic justice" in the Scene where Lucio berates the Duke to his face, thus punishing him for his masquerading?

49. Are the reflections of the Duke (lines 196 *et seq*) in character?

50. What motive had Escalus for wishing to mitigate the severity of Angelo's sentence upon Claudio?

51. Analyze the thought of the speech with which the Duke concludes this Act.

ACT FOURTH.

52. What is the emotional effect of the song with which the Act opens? Compare this episode with Tennyson's "Mariana of the Moated Grange," and say what is the internal harmony of the two.

53. What suitability to the time and occasion do you see in the speech of the Duke beginning with line 60? Compare it with Act III. Sc. ii. 196-200.

54. Does Pompey turned hangman become more or less repellent than he was before?

55. How, through the manner of leading up to the point, is the surprise of Angelo's letter (line 123) made keener? How does it affect one's feeling about the character of Angelo?

56. From the Barnardine episode what impression does one get of the nature of the Duke's government?

57. What change in the natural evolution of events does the Duke introduce in Sc. ii.? Through what supporting authority is he able to effect this?

58. What picture of prison life do you find in Sc. iii.? Was it a picture of contemporaneous conditions?

59. How is the audience made aware that the term of the Duke's masquerading is about to close?

60. What part of the action of the play takes place at the Moated Grange of Mariana?

61. How does Lucio turn the tables upon himself?

62. What is the episodic value of Sc. iv.?

63. Explain the reflections of Angelo beginning with line 21.

64. What preparations for the events of Act V. are made in the fourth Act?

ACT FIFTH.

65. Recount the train of events as they develop in the fifth Act.

66. Is the interest abated by the fact that the action of the play becomes artificial, and controlled by the Duke as *deus ex machina*?

67. Is there still an interest derived from the fact that Isabella and Mariana only partly understand the purposes of the Duke?

68. How does Angelo bear up under the uncovering of his crimes?

69. Does it seem a hardship that Lucio alone of all the evil-doers has to suffer punishment?

70. Had Shakespeare not insisted upon turning the play into a comedy, how would the action have run on to a natural conclusion?

71. What evidences do you see throughout the play of a comic purpose, even though the elements dealt with are tragic?

72. Mention qualities in Lucio that count on the nobler side of life.

73. Does Shakespeare find in Claudio any trait that is distinctly condemnable? What is the complete impression that you derive of his character?

74. Compare the appeal to mercy that Isabella makes to Angelo with that that Portia makes to Shylock and account for the differences in spirit and character.

75. What can you say of the Duke? What justice is there in Lucio's description of him as the *fantastical Duke of dark corners*?

76. When is it likely that the Duke first knew of the story of Mariana and consequently of Angelo's relation to her? How does this bear upon the point of his selecting Angelo to represent him?

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77. Which is the more subtle character—the Duke or Angelo?

78. Did the Duke ever suspect Angelo?

79. If not, what view thereby do you get of Angelo and of the Duke?

80. Is not Angelo the greatest ironic conception of Shakespeare?

81. Does Shakespeare in this play often violate consistency of

character for the apparent purpose of proving a moral standpoint—notably in the case of the Duke?

82. What is the difference between moralizing and treating a subject morally?

83. Trace the affiliated humorous characters in other plays of Shakespeare.

84. What effect of contrast is seen between the characters of Angelo and Isabella and the other people of the play? Which group more stirs the sympathies?

85. Weigh internal evidences, comparing this with other plays as to characters and situations; consider the development of such a character as Isabella; observe the arrest of natural evolution in the plot, as seen in the last Act; then say where you would place this drama in the chronology of Shakespeare's works.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Antony and Cleopatra* was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20th, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

The Date of Composition. There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607-8, *i.e.* during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the Poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.* The rhyme test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same late period.† So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and*

* *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; Coriolanus 44, Cymbeline 52, Winter's Tale 43, Tempest 25, while Macbeth contains but 2 instances, Hamlet none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

† *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.

Cleopatra links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar,* with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet.* The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.*

Macbeth III. i. 54-57 should be compared with *Antony and Cleopatra,* II. iii. 19-22; *Cymbeline,* II. iv. 69-73 with Act II. ii. 189-221; while the subject of *Timon* was in all probability suggested to the dramatist in reading for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Timon*).

The Source of the Plot. *Antony and Cleopatra* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,*" the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar,* and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens* (*vide* Prefaces to these plays for Shakespeare's obligations to Plutarch). In the present play the dramatist follows the historian closely, but not to the same extent as in the former productions;† the glamour of the play is all the Poet's; the prose Life does not dazzle the reader; the facts of Cleopatra's history are those Shakespeare found in his original; the superb portraiture of the "enchanting queen" is among the great triumphs of the Poet's matured genius; "he paints her," wrote Campbell, "as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil."

Plays on the Subject of "Antony and Cleopatra." Cleopatra has been among the most popular of subjects

* The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra.* Therefore the Poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony.

† A detailed analysis of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to Plutarch's "*Life of Antony*" is to be found in Vol. XXI. of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch,* contributed by Dr. Fritz Adler.

for the modern drama, and some thirty plays are extant, in Latin, French, Italian, and English, dealing with her fascinating story; the French dramatists contribute no less than sixteen items to the catalogue, starting with the *Cleopatra* of Jodelle, the first regular French tragedy. Two English productions preceded Shakespeare's play, Lady Pembroke's *Antonie,* translated from Garnier, and Daniel's companion drama *Cleopatra* (1594) called forth by the former:—

> *" thy well-graced Anthony*
> *(Who all alone remained long)*
> *Required his Cleopatra's company."*

Dryden's "All for Love." Dryden's *"All for Love; or, The World Well Lost,"* "written in imitation of Shakespeare's style" (pub. 1678, 1692, 1703, 1709) was its author's favourite production,—"the only play he wrote for himself"; its popularity was great; and the older critics were fond of praising its regularity and poetic harmony, though they generously recognized that it fell short of its first model in fire and originality (*cf.* Baker's *Bibliographia Dramatica*). It held the stage for a century, and has in all probability been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.* Campbell evidenced this fact as a proof of England's neglect of Shakespeare, as a disgrace to British taste. "Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. . . . A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Shakespeare's Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as represented on the stage, covers twelve days, with intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval of twenty days. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. v.; Act II. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Interval. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. v.-vii. [Act III. Sc. iii.] Interval (?). *Day* 5, Act III. Sc. i. and ii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act III. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval. Day* 7, Act III.

Sc. vi. *Day* 8, Act III. Sc. vii. *Day* 9, Act III. Sc. viii.-x. *Interval.* *Day* 10, Act III. Sc. xi.-xiii.; Act IV. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 11, Act IV. Sc. iv.-ix. *Day* 12, Act IV. Sc. x.-xv.; Act V. Sc. i. and ii. (*cp. Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79).

The historic period embraces as many years as there are days in the play, stretching from about B.C. 42 to 30; that is, from the events immediately following the deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

"The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, the Roman Empire had been divided among the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Antony having summoned a vassal of his Eastern dominions—Cleopatra, queen of Egypt—to answer for her conduct in aiding Brutus and Cassius, is himself taken captive by her charms. He goes with her to Alexandria, where they give themselves over to the voluptuous life of her court. A messenger arrives to inform Antony of the death of his deserted wife Fulvia. Another messenger brings him word of an attack upon Italy by the maritime forces of Sextus Pompeius. Antony shakes off his amorous chains and hastens back to the seat of the empire.

II. Antony reaches Rome just in time to patch up serious differences with the other two triumvirs, to whom he explains the attack upon Italy as merely a feint on the part of his late wife Fulvia to recall him from Egypt. He renews alliance with the other triumvirs by marrying Octavia, the sister of Octavius. A treaty of peace is made between the triumvirate and Pompey.

III. Octavia, instead of serving as a bond to the friendship of Octavius and Antony, becomes a knot to strangle it; for Octavius soon breaks his peace with Pompey, defeats him in battle, and presently seizes Lepidus, whom he holds in prison. None now remains between Octavius and absolute dominion save Antony, who might have proved a strong rival had not the enticements of

Cleopatra lured him once more over sea, while his wife is on a mission of peace to Octavius, who, no doubt, is incensed because of the treatment his sister has received, but is also glad to have this pretext for attacking Antony. The hostile fleets engage near Actium, where the defection of Cleopatra's admiral gives the victory to Octavius. Antony seeks to make terms with the victor, and being unsuccessful, hurls defiance at him.

IV. The forces now encounter upon land, and Antony wins the first day's fight. But on the second day the Egyptian admiral yields Antony's fleet to the foe, and the desertion of other of Antony's forces leaves him defeated, disheartened, and dishonoured. In a stormy scene he upbraids Cleopatra with treachery, and soon after falls upon his sword. He dies in her presence, begging to lay his last kiss upon her lips.

V. Cleopatra, who, despite her duplicity, has been passionately engrossed with Antony and his fortunes, determines to follow him to speedy death. Her purpose is strengthened by the fact that Octavius makes her a hostage of war, and reserves her to grace his triumph. She flees to a monument, and there perishes by the bite of an asp secretly brought to her in a basket of figs.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Antony.

The tragic interest evidently centres not in Cleopatra, but in the victim of her "strong toil of grace." In tracing the operation of her spell upon Antony, Shakespeare on the whole follows Plutarch's facts as far as they go; but he interprets and expands them in the light of his own finer psychology and humaner ethics. Some coarser and duller touches in both characters he effaces. The hoyden disappears in her; the vulgar debauchee, the sour misanthrope, and the gull, in him. In her most wilful and wan-

ton moods she is still the queen; and Antony, revelling or raging, blindly rushing on his fate or desperately succumbing to it, is still the great-hearted man of genius. His subjection to Cleopatra is even more absolute in proportion as it acts through subtler and more complicated sources of attraction. It is just as fatal to his judgement and, for a moment, to his instinct of military honour. His fatuous decision to "fight at sea," and his unmanly flight in the train of Cleopatra and her fugitive galleys, seal his fate as surely in the play as in the history; and Shakespeare exposes them, through the mouth of Enobarbus, as incisively as Plutarch. But for Plutarch the whole relation of Antony to Cleopatra, and indeed of lovers in general, is typified in this fatuous oblivion of his better self. . . . Antony's doings in the Parthian wars are wholly omitted; his long sojourn in Rome becomes a brief visit. Of his two wives, Fulvia is only heard of as a troublesome thorn in his flesh, and Octavia's "holy, cold, and still conversation" is denuded of charm for us as for Antony. He has an exquisite phrase for her stillness, as for everything else; but his marriage is purely diplomatic, even nominal, and it hardly needed the shrewdness of Enobarbus to foresee that "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity." HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Cleopatra.

I have not the slightest doubt that Shakspeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra—the "Rare Egyptian"—individualized and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth,

her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous Eastern colouring of the character; all these contradictory elements has Shakspeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classified elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gypsy sorcery.

What better proof can we have of the individual truth of the character than the admission that Shakspeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra? She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgement, bewilders and bewitches our fancy; from the beginning to the end of the drama, we are conscious of a kind of fascination against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape. The epithets applied to her perpetually by Antony and others confirm this impression: "enchanting queen!"—"witch"—"spell"—"great fairy"—"cockatrice"—"serpent of old Nile"—"thou grave charm!" are only a few of them; and who does not know by heart the famous quotations in which this Egyptian Circe is described with all her infinite seductions? . . .

To these traits we must add, that with all her violence, perverseness, egotism, and caprice, Cleopatra mingled a capability for warm affections and kindly feeling, or rather what we should call, in these days, a constitutional *good-nature*; and was lavishly generous to her favourites and dependents. These characteristics we find scattered through the play; they are not only faithfully rendered by Shakspeare, but he has made the finest use of them in his delineation of manners. Hence the occasional freedom of her women and her attendants, in the midst of their fears and flatteries, becomes most natural and consistent: hence, too, their devoted attachment and fidelity, proved even in death. But as illustrative of Cleopatra's disposition, perhaps the finest and most characteristic scene in the whole play is that in which the messenger arrives from Rome with the tidings of Antony's marriage with Octavia. She perceives at once with quickness that

all is not well, and she hastens to anticipate the worst, that she may have the pleasure of being disappointed. Her impatience to know what she fears to learn, the vivacity with which she gradually works herself up into a state of excitement, and at length into fury, is wrought out with a force of truth which makes us recoil. . . . The pride and arrogance of the Egyptian queen, the blandishment of the woman, the unexpected but natural transitions of temper and feeling, the contest of various passions, and at length—when the wild hurricane has spent its fury—the melting into tears, faintness, and languishment, are portrayed with the most astonishing power, and truth, and skill in feminine nature. More wonderful still is the splendour and force of colouring which is shed over this extraordinary scene. The mere idea of an angry woman beating her menial, presents something ridiculous or disgusting to the mind; in a queen or a tragedy heroine it is still more indecorous; yet this scene is as far as possible from the vulgar or the comic. . . .

Shakspeare has shown profound judgement and feeling in adhering closely to the classical authorities; and to say that the language and sentiments worthily fill up the outline is the most magnificent praise that can be given. The magical play of fancy and the overpowering fascination of the character are kept up to the last: and when Cleopatra, on applying the asp, silences the lamentations of her women—

> Peace! peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
> That sucks the nurse to sleep?—

these few words—the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation—produce an effect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the world. The generous devotion of her women adds the moral charm which alone was wanting: and when Octavius hurries in too late to save his victim, and exclaims, when gazing on her,—

> She looks like sleep—
> As she would catch another Antony
> in her strong toil of grace,—

the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation.

I am not here the apologist of Cleopatra's historical character, nor of such women as resemble her: I am considering her merely as a dramatic portrait of astonishing beauty, spirit, and originality. She has furnished the subject of two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies; yet Shakspeare alone has availed himself of all the interest of the story, without falsifying the character. He alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness—all her frailties of temper—all her paltry arts and dissolute passions—yet preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical colouring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur, without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt and error.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Pascal says in his *Pensées*: "Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé." But her nose was, as the old coins show us, exactly what it ought to have been; and in Shakespeare we feel that she is not only beauty itself, but charm, except in one single scene, where the news of Antony's marriage throws her into a paroxysm of unbeautiful rage. Her charm is of the sense-intoxicating kind, and she has, by study and art, developed those powers of attraction which she possessed from the outset, till she has become inexhaustible in inventiveness and variety. She is the woman who has passed from hand to hand, from her husband and brother to Pompey, from Pompey to the great Cæsar, from Cæsar to countless others. She is the courtesan by temperament,

but none the less does she possess the genius for a single, undivided love. She, like Antony, is complex, and being a woman, she is more so than he. *Vir duplex, femina triplex.*

From the beginning and almost to the end of the tragedy she plays the part of the great coquette. What she says and does is for long only the outcome of the coquette's desire and power to captivate by incalculable caprices. She asks where Antony is, and sends for him (I. ii.). He comes. She exclaims: "We will not look upon him," and goes. Presently his absence irks her, and again she sends a messenger to remind him of her and keep him in play (I. iii.):—

> "If you find him sad,
> Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
> That I am sudden sick . . ."

He learns of his wife's death. She would have been beside herself if he had shown grief, but he speaks with coldness of the loss, and she attacks him because of this:—

> "Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
> With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
> In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be."

This incalculability, this capriciousness of hers extends to the smallest matters. She invites Mardian to play a game of billiards with her (an amusing anachronism), and, finding him ready, she turns him off with: "I 'll none now."

But all this mutability does not exclude in her the most real, most passionate love for Antony. The best proof of its strength is the way in which she speaks of him when he is absent. Nor is it irony when Enobarbus, in reply to Antony's complaint (I. ii.), "She is cunning past man's thought," makes answer, "Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love." This is literally true—only that the love is not pure in the

sense of being sublimated or unegoistic, but in the sense of being quintessential erotic emotion, chemically free from all the other elements usually combined with it.

And outward circumstances harmonize with the character and vehemence of this passion. He lays the kingdoms of the East at her feet; with reckless prodigality, she lavishes the wealth of Africa on the festivals she holds in his honour.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Octavia.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behaviour is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgement in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

I do not understand the observation of a late critic [Hazlitt] that in this play "Octavia is only a dull foil to

Cleopatra Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for a while the silver moon and ever-burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau ideal* of a noble Roman lady.

Dryden has committed a great mistake in bringing Octavia and her children on the scene, and in immediate contact with Cleopatra. To have thus violated the truth of history might have been excusable, but to sacrifice the truth of nature and dramatic propriety, to produce a mere stage effect, was unpardonable. In order to preserve the unity of interest, he has falsified the character of Octavia as well as that of Cleopatra: he has presented us with a regular scolding-match between the rivals, in which they come sweeping up to each other from opposite sides of the stage, with their respective trains, like two peahens in a passion. Shakspeare would no more have brought his captivating, brilliant, but meretricious Cleopatra into immediate comparison with the noble and chaste simplicity of Octavia, than a connoisseur in art would have placed Canova's Dansatrice, beautiful as it is, beside the Athenian Melpomene, or the Vestal of the Capitol.

The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with "downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole

compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to—

> The swan's down-feather,
> That stands upon the swell at full of tide
> And neither way inclines.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Enobarbus.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enorbarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humour, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master, which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouthpiece of the author's judgement respecting the other persons; so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Shakespeare's Way and Dryden's.

If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be [*Antony and Cleopatra*]. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps,

a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth: he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match. The latter poet's *All for Love* was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's *All for Love* has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Dryden's Marc Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, "There 's a great spirit gone!" and his reflections on his

own enthralment by Cleopatra mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero.

CAMPBELL.

VII.

The Poet's Lesson.

We do not mistake this feeling of Cleopatra towards Antony for love; but he has been for her (who had known Cæsar and Pompey) the supreme sensation. She is neither faithful to him nor faithless; in her complex nature, beneath each fold or layer of sincerity lies one of insincerity, and we cannot tell which is the last and innermost. Her imagination is stimulated and nourished by Antony's presence. And he, in his turn, finds in the beauty and witchcraft of the Egyptian something no less incommensurable and incomprehensible. Yet no one felt more profoundly than Shakspere—as his *Sonnets* abundantly testify—that the glory of strength and of beauty is subject to limit and to time. What he would seem to say to us in this play, not in the manner of a doctrinaire or a moralist, but wholly as an artist, is that this sensuous infinite is but a dream, a deceit, a snare. The miserable change comes upon Antony. The remorseless practice of Cleopatra upon his heart has done him to death. And among things which the barren world offers to the Queen she now finds death—a painless death—the least hateful. Shakspere, in his high impartiality to fact, denies none of the glory of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He compels us to acknowledge these to the utmost. But he adds that there is another demonstrable fact of the world which tests the visible pomp of the earth, and the splendour of sensuous passion, and finds them wanting. The glory of the royal festival is not dulled by Shakspere or diminished; but, also, he shows us, in letters of flame, the handwriting upon the wall.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VIII.

The Masterpiece of Passion.

Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

This play should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

Of all of Shakespeare's historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it

more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgement as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's *All for Love.*

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

The greatest monument of [Shakespeare's] dramatic subtlety is the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra.* With all its noble bursts of passion and occasional splendour of description, this play has not perhaps the massive breadth of feeling and overpowering interest of the four great tragedies, *Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear,* and *Othello*; but it is greater even than *Macbeth* and *Othello* in the range of its mastery over the fluctuations of profound passion: it is the greatest of Shakespeare's plays in the dramatist's greatest faculty. The conflict of motives in *Hamlet* is an achievement of genius that must always be regarded with wonder and reverence; but, to my mind, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the dramatist's masterpiece. One may have less interest in the final end of the subtle changes wrought in the hero and heroine: but in the pursuit and certain grasp of those changes, Shakespeare's dramatic genius appears at its supreme height.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets.*

On *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspere has poured out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, saddened and distressed, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman

he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said,—

> "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety; other women
> Cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies."

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspere's *Sonnets*, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch's prose! And how that fatal inability to say "No" to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*
LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *friends to Antony.*
MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *friends to Cæsar.*
MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } *friends to Sextus Pompeius.*
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, *a eunuch.*
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,
must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my children shall have no names:
prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be —drunk to bed.
Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,

fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus— 100
This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice 109
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer

moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot

be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's,
which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home; Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*

har. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

leo. What should I do, I do not?

har. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

leo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

har. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

leo. I am sick and sullen.

nt. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

leo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

nt. Now, my dearest queen,—

leo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

nt. What 's the matter?

leo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

nt. The gods best know—

leo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there 's not it:
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It had been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime

Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,

'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

nt. Sit, sir.

æs. Nay, then.

nt. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

æs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

nt. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

æs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

nt. How intend you, practised?

æs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

nt. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

æs. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather,
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech, for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway out great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*
Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!
My honourable friend, Agrippa!
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
And made the night light with drinking.
Mæc. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
Mæc. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem,
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Cæsar's house.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mæc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene V.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river: there, 10

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar,
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go: let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. } That 's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

ep. Well met here.

om. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

æs. That 's the next to do.

om. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

nt. That will I, Pompey.

om. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

nt. You have heard much.

om. I have fair meanings, sir.

nt. And fair words to them.

om. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

no. No more of that: he did so.

om. What, I pray you?

no. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

om. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

no. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

om. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

no. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. }
Ant. } Show us the way, sir.
Lep. }

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more'; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus?

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he
is a very epicure.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of
that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt
hear me,
Rise from thy stool.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What 's
else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's
twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here 's to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.

Pom. O Antony, 131
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo! says 'a. There 's my cap.

Men. Hoo! noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Mena says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar': go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet within.*] So;
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I 'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
Cleo. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish.
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there 's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she 's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

no. Well, is it, is it?

'eo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

no. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

'eo. What is 't you say?

no. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

leo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

no. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

'nt. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

'leo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

'nt. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea: what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I 'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium,
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

ess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

nt. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

old. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

nt. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

old. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

an. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

old. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

an. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

old. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as

Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Another part of the plain.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence, 9
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June!—
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night
Indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and.there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!
Iras. Madam, O good empress!
Eros. Sir, sir!
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah! stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Ant. "Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates all that is won and lost; give me a kiss; even this repays me."

Antony and Cleopatra. Act 3, Scene 2.

Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene XII.

Egypt. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIII.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphronius the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attend.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What 's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!

What art thou, fellow?

hyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

no. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

nt. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

no. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

nt. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

hyr. Mark Antony,—

nt. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon:

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army: Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

Eno. I 'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,

Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
First Sold. Nothing. What news?
Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.
First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*
Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*
Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
Sec. Sold. Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.
Third Sold. Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?
Third Sold. No.
First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
First Sold. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
All. [*Speaking together*] How now! How now! Do you hear this?
First Sold. Ay; is 't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.

Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Alexandria. Antony's camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man 's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me
thy hand; 11

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale.

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle

By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
Sec. Sold. Let 's speak to him.
First Sold. Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
Third Sold. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.
Sec. Sold. Go we to him.
Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?
First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
Third Sold. Come on, then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X.

Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven . . .
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.

Another part of the same.

Enter Cæsar, and his army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XII.

Hills adjoining to Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.
[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

Scene XIII.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene XIV.

The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What 's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where 's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

Scene XV.

The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She 's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st.

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars
Unreconciliable should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All. Dolabella! 70
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Alexandria. The monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What 's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You 're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen
I 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

Cæs. "I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt."

Cleo. "Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey."

Antony and Cleopatra **Act 5, Scene 2.**

My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.
[*Flourish and shout within*: ' Make way there: Cæsar! '

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, Seleucus, and others of his train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token have I kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought
For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

ol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

leo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
And forced to drink their vapour.

as. The gods forbid!

leo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

as. O the good gods!

leo. Nay, that 's certain.

as. I 'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

leo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
[*Exit Iras.* *A noise within.*
Wherefore 's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.
Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?
Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very

honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate of life at once untie,
poor venomous fool, be angry, and despatch."

Antony and Cleopatra. Act 5, Scene 2.

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion Sacrificing to the Gods.
Sculptured in the great Temple, at Dendera, upper Egypt.

Glossary.

'ing, abomination; V. ii.

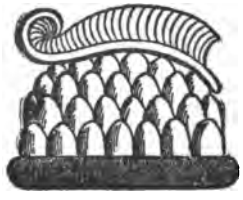
staying; I. ii. 177.
ct; "the a. of all faults," icrocosm of sinfulness; 9.
l, ill-used; III. vi. 86.
, abyss; III. xiii. 147.
i t t e d, acknowledged; stered (Theobald, *itted"*); V. ii. 140.
, afraid; II. v. 81.
st, pleases (Folio 1, "*af-*"); I. iii. 71.
pray in a.," seek assist- call in help from an-; V. ii. 27.
:, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.
"having a. your cause," ıg engaged in the same : with you" (Malone); 51.
'ying, obeyed by all; III. 77.
'rink, "leavings" (ac- ng to Warburton a ;e amongst good fellows gnify that liquor of an- 's share which his com- ın drinks to ease him); i. 5.
angling-line, fishing- II. v. 10. (*Cp.* illustra-)
r, render account; III. 27.

Antoniad, the name of the flagship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.
Apace, fast; IV. vii. 6.
Appeal, impeachment; III. v. 12.
Approof; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a.," *i.e.* "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.
Approves, proves; I. i. 60.
Arabian bird, i.e. the Phœnix; III. ii. 12.
Argument, proof; III. xii. 3.
Arm-gaunt (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.
Armourer, one who has care of the armour of his master; IV. iv. 7.
As, as if; I. ii. 100.
As low as, lower than; III. iii. 37.
Aspic, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 293.

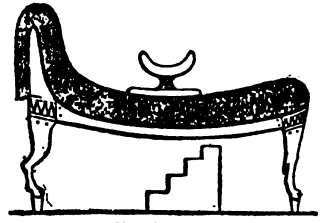
From a wall-painting in a Theban tomb.

Aspic's (Folios 2, 3, 4. *"Aspects"*); V. ii. 350.
As't, as if it; IV. viii. 6.
At heel of, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 159.
Atone, reconcile; II. ii. 102.
Attend, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 60.
——, await; III. x. 32.
Augurer, diviner, foreteller; V. ii. 333.
Auguring, prophesying; II. i. 10.
Avoid, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 242.
Awry, not straight (Pope's emendation of Folios, *"away"*); V. ii. 318.

Band, bond; II. vi. 128; III. ii. 26.
Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 11.
Bark'd, peeled; IV. xii. 23.
Basket; "enter Clown bringing in a basket"; V. ii. 241.



(direc.). The annexed cuts represent ancient Egyptian baskets, fig. 2 showing also the fruit covered by a palm-leaf.
Battery; "b. from my heart," *i.e.* the battery proceeding from the beating of my heart; IV. xiv. 39.
Battle, army; III. ix. 2.
Beck'd, beckoned; IV. xii. 26.
Bed; "the bed of Ptolemy"; I. iv. 17. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a wall-painting on the tomb Rameses III., at Thebes.

Beguiled, cheated; V. ii. 323.
Belike, I suppose; I. ii. 35.
Bench-holes, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.
Bereave, deprive; V. ii. 130.
Best, it were best; IV. vi. 26.
Bestrid, did stride over; V. ii. 82.
Betime, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.
Blown, swollen; V. ii. 348.
Blows, swells; IV. vi. 34.
Boar; "the b. of Thessaly," *i.e.* the boar killed by Meleager; IV. xiii. 2.
Boggler, inconstant woman; III. xiii. 110.

Bolts up, fetters; V. ii. 6.
Bond, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.
Boot; "make b.," take advantage; IV. i. 9.
Boot thee with, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.
Boy my greatness, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.
Branded, stigmatised; IV. xiv. 77.
Brave, defy; IV. iv. 5.
Break, communicate; I. ii. 179.
Breather, one who lives; III. iii. 24.
Breathing, utterance; I. iii. 14.
Breese, gadfly; III. x. 14.
Brief, summary; V. ii. 138.
Bring, take; III. v. 24.
Bring me, i.e. bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.
Brooch'd, adorned as with a brooch (Wray conj. "*brook'd*"); IV. xv. 25.
Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
But, if not; V. ii. 103.
But being, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.
But it is, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.
By, according to; III. iii. 43.

Call on him, call him to account; (?) "visit" (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.
Cantle, piece; III. x. 6.
Carbuncled, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
Carriage; "the c. of his chafe," the bearing of his passion, *i.e.* his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
Carries beyond, surpasses; III. vii. 76.
Cast, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
Chance; "wounded ch.," broken fortunes; III. x. 36.
——, fortune; V. ii. 174.
——, occur; III. iv. 13.
Chare, task; V. ii. 231.
Chares, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.
Charm, charmer; IV. xii. 16.
Check, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
Chuck, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
Circle, crown; III. xii. 18.
Clip, embrace; IV. viii. 8.
——, surround; V. ii. 358.
Close, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
Cloth-of-gold of tissue, i.e. "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 202.
Clouts, cloths; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
Cloyless, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
Colour, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
Comes dear'd, becomes endeared (Folios, "*comes fear'd*"); I. iv. 44.
Comfort; "best of c.," *i.e.* "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, "*Be of comfort*"); III. vi. 89.

Command, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
Commission, warrant; II. iii. 41.
Comparisons, advantages, *i.e.* "things in his favour, when compared to me" (Pope, "*caparisons*"); III. xiii. 26.
Competitor, associate; I. iv. 3.
Compose, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
Composure, composition; I. iv. 22.
Conclusion; "still c.," *i.e.* quiet inference (Collier MS., "*still condition*"); IV. xv. 28.
Conclusions, experiments; V. ii. 354.
Confound, waste; I. i. 45.
——, destroy; III. ii. 58.
Congealment, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
Content, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
Continent; "thy c.," that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
Contriving; "many our c. friends," *i.e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 184.
Conversation, deportment; II. vi. 123.
Corrigible, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
Couch, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
Could, would gladly; I. ii. 128.
Course, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
Court of guard, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
Crack, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
Crescent, increasing; II. i. 10.
Crested, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
Crownet, crown; IV. xii. 27.
Crownets, coronets; V. ii. 91.
Cunning, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 147.
——, skill, art; II. iii. 34.
Curious, careful; III. ii. 35.
Curstness, ill-humour; II. ii. 25.

Daff't, doff it, take it off (Folio 1, "*daft*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*doft*"; Rowe, "*dof't*"); IV. iv. 13.
Dare, defiance; I. ii. 186.
Darkens, obscures; III. i. 24.
Darkling, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
Dealt on lieutenantry, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
Death and honour, honourable death; IV. ii. 44.
Declined, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
Defeat'st, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
Defend, forbid; III. iii. 46.
Demon, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
Demurely, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.
Demuring, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
Deputation; "in d.," by deputy (Folios, "*disputation*"); III. xiii. 74.
Derogately, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.
Desires; "your d. are yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.
Determine, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.

Determines, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.
Diminutives, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.
Disaster, disfigure; II. vii. 17.
Discandy, melt; IV. xii. 22.
Discandying, melting, thawing (Ff., "*discandering*"; Rowe, "*discattering*"); III. xiii. 165.
Discontents, malcontents; I. iv. 39.
Dislimns, effaces, blots out (Folios, "*dislimes*"); IV. xiv. 10.
Dismission, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.
Disponge, pour down; IV. ix. 13.
Dispose, dispose of; V. ii. 186.
Disposed, settled matters (Collier MS., "*compos'd*"); IV. xiv. 123.
Disposition; "pinch one another by the d.," "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 7.
Distractions, detachments; III. vii. 77.
Divine, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 116.
Doits, the smallest sum of money (Folios, "*Dolts,*" *i.e.* fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.
Doughty-handed, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.
Dread, fear; IV. xiv. 127.
Droven, driven; IV. vii. 5.
Dumb'd, silenced (Folios, "*d u m b*"; Warburton, "*done*"); I. v. 50.

Ear, plough; I. iv. 49.
Earing, tilling, ploughing; I. ii. 112.
Ebb'd, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.
Edges, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.
Edict; "make thine own e.," decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.
Effects, realisation; V. ii. 330.
Egypt, i.e. the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.
Egypt's widow, i. e. Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.
Elder, better, superior; III. x. 13.
Embattle, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.
Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term (Folios, "*imbost*"); IV. xiii. 3.
Enforce, urge; II. ii. 99.
——, lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.
Enfranched, enfranchised (Theobald, "*enfranchis'd*"); III. xiii. 149.
Enfranchise, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.
Enow, enough (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.
Ensued, followed; IV. xiv. 77.
Entertainment, reception; III. xiii. 140.
——, service; IV. vi. 17.

Enter with, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.
Envy, malice; V. ii. 164.
Estridge, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.
Eternal; "e, in our triumph," *i.e.* "be for ever recorded as the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. "*eternaling*"); V. i. 66.
Every of, every one of; I. ii. 38.
Evidence, proof; I. iii. 74.
Exigent, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.
Expedience, expedition; I. ii. 180.
Extended, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 102.
Eye, appear; I. iii. 97.

Faction, dissension; I. iii. 48.
Fairy, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.
Fall, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.
——, let fall; III. xi. 67.
Fallible; blunder for *infallible* (Folio 1, "*falliable*"); V. ii. 258.
Fame, rumour, report; II. ii. 165.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. xii. 28.
Fats, vats; II. vii. 119.
Favour, face, countenance; II. v. 38.
Fear, frighten; II. vi. 24.
Fearful, full of fear; III. xi. 55.
Feature, external appearance; II. v. 112.
Feeders, parasites; III. xiii. 109.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 13.
Fervency, eagerness; II. v. 18.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. i. 14.
Fever, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.
Figs; "I love long life better than f.," a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 32.
Files, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.
Finish, end, die; V. ii. 193.
Flaw; "becomes his f.," *i.e.* "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.
Fleet, float (Rowe, "*float*"); III. xiii. 171.
Flush youth, "youth ripened to manhood" (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*flesh y.*"); I. iv. 52.
Foison, plenty; II. vii. 21.
Follow'd, chased; V. i. 36.
Footmen, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.
For, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.
Forbear, withdraw; V. ii. 175.
Forbear me, leave me alone; I. ii. 122.
Formal, ordinary; II. v. 41.
Forspoke, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.
Forth, out of; IV. x. 7.
For that, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.
——, because; III. vii. 30.
Frame to, conform; V. i. 55.
From, away from; II. vi. 30.
Front, oppose, face; I. iv. 79.
Fronted, opposed; II. ii. 61.
Frustrate, frustrated; V. i. 2.
Fullest, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.

Galley; II. vi. 82. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the *Vatican Virgil* MS.

Garboils, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.
Gaudy, festive; III. xiii. 183.
Gests, deeds (Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*guests*"); IV. viii. 2.
Get, win; IV. viii. 22.
Give, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.
Give off, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.
Got, won; V. ii. 30.
Got upon, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.
Grace, honour; III. xiii. 81.
——; "to gr.," by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.
Graceful, favourable; II. ii. 60.
Grants, allows, admits; III. i. 29.
Grates me, it vexes me; I. i. 18.
'Greed, agreed; II. vi. 38.
Green sickness, a disease of women, characterised by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.
Griefs, grievances; II. ii. 100.
Grow to, be added to; II. ii. 25.

H, formerly pronounced *ache*; here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.
Hap, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.
Haply, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. i. 74.
Harried, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 43.
Hearts; "my h.," a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.
Heaviness, used with play upon the two senses of the word (i) weight, (ii) sorrow; IV. xv. 33.
Heavy, sad; IV. xv. 40.
Held my cap off, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 60.
Herod, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 28.
Hie, hasten; II. iii. 15.
Hie thee, hasten; V. ii. 194.
High-battled, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.
His, its; III. xii. 10.
Holding, burden of the song; II. vii. 115.
Homager, vassal; I. i. 31.
Home, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 106.
Hope, suppose; II. i. 38.
Humanity, human nature; V. i. 32.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.

If that, if; III. xiii. 80.
Immoment, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.
Immortal, blunder for *mortal,* deadly; V. ii. 247.
Imperious, imperial; IV. xv. 23.
Import, carry with them; II. ii. 134.
Impress, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.
In, in for it; II. vii. 34.
Inclips, encloses; II. vii. 71.
Ingross'd, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.
Inhoop'd, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 38. (The annexed copy of an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped.)

Injurious, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.
Intend; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.
Intrinsicate, intricate (Capell's Errata, "*intrinsecate*"; Wray conj. "*intricate*"); V. ii. 304.
Isis, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 61.
It own, its own; II. vii. 46.

Jack, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.
Jaded, spurned; III. i. 34.
Jump, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

Keep; "k. yourself within yourself," keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.
Kind; "do his k.," *i.e.* "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 263.
Knave, boy; IV. xiv. 12.
——, servant; V. ii. 3.
Known, known each other; II. vi. 86.

Lack blood, turn pale; I. iv. 52.
Lance, cut; in order to cure (Folios, "*launch*"; Pope, "*launce*"); V. i. 36.
Languish, lingering disease (Johnson conj. "*anguish*"); V. ii. 42.
Lank'd, became thin; I. iv. 71.
Late, lately; IV. i. 13.
Lated, belated; III. xi. 3.

Legions, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.

Length, length of life (Steevens conj. "*life*"); IV. xiv. 46.

Lethe'd, oblivious, unconscious (Folios, "*Lethied*"); II. i. 27.

Levell'd at, guessed at; V. ii. 335.

Lichas, the companion of Hercules (Folios, "*Licas*"); IV. xii. 45.

Life; "her l. in Rome," *i.e.* her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.

Lightness, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.

Like, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37.

——, likely; III. xiii. 29.

List, listen to; IV. ix. 6.

Loathness, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.

Loof'd, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.

Lottery, prize; II. ii. 246.

Loud, in high words; II. ii. 21.

Luxuriously, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

Make note, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.

Mallard, drake; III. x. 20.

Mandragora, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.

Marble-constant, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.

Mean, means; III. ii. 32.

Mechanic, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.

Medicine, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.

Meeter, more fitting; V. i. 49

Meetly, well; I. iii. 81.

Mered; "m. question," *i.e.* "the sole cause and subject of the war" (Rowe, "*meer*"; Johnson, "*mooted*"; Jackson, "*meted*"; Kinnear, "*merest*," etc.); III. xiii. 10.

Merely, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.

Merits, deserts; V. ii. 178.

Mermaids; II. ii. 210. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From L. Andrewe's *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde,* n. d.

Mind; "less noble m.," *i.e.* being of less noble mind (Rowe, Pope, "*less noble-minded*"); IV. xiv. 60.

Mingle, union; I. v. 59.
Misdoubt, mistrust; III. vii. 63.
Mislike, dislike; III. xiii. 147.
Missive, messenger; II. ii. 74.
Mis-thought, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.
Modern, ordinary; V. ii. 167.
Moe, more; IV. xiv. 18.
Moment; "upon far poorer m.," with less cause; I. ii. 144.
Moody, sad; II. v. 1.
Moons, months; III. xii. 6.
Morn-dew, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.
Mortal, deadly; V. ii. 303.
Most, utmost; II. ii. 168.
Motion; "in my m.," intuitively; II. iii. 14.
Mount; "at the M.," *i.e.* M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.
Muleters, muleteers, mule-drivers (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Muliters*"; Folio 1, "*Militers*"); III. vii. 36.
Mused of, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.
Muss, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.

Naught, worthless; IV. xv. 78.
Negligent; "in n. danger," *i.e.* in danger through being negligent; III. vi. 81.
Nessus; "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.
Nice, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.
Nick'd, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.
Noises it, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.
Number, put into verse; III. ii. 17.

O, circle; V. ii. 81.
Oblivion, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.
Observance, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.
Obstruct, obstruction (Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*abstract*"; Keightley, "*obstruction*"; Cartwright conj. "*obstacle*"); III. vi. 61.
Occasion, necessity; II. vi. 132.
Of, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 160.
——, about, concerning; II. vi. 116.
——, from; IV. viii. 22.
——, for; IV. xv. 60.
——, with; V. ii. 212.
Office, function, service; I. i. 5.
On, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.
Oppression, difficulty (Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer, "*opposition*"); IV. vii. 2.
Orbs, spheres; III. xiii. 146.
Ordinary, meal; II. ii. 230.
Ostentation, display (Theobald, "*ostent*"; S. Walker conj. "*ostention*"); III. vi. 52.
Out-go; "the time shall not o.," "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.

Outstrike, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.
Owe, own; IV. viii. 31.

Pace, break in; II. ii. 64.
Pack'd, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.
Pacorus, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.
Pales, impales, encloses; II. vii. 71.
Pall'd, decaying, waning; II. vii. 85.
Palter, equivocate; III. xi. 63.
Pants, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.
Paragon, compare; I. v. 71.
Parcel; "a p. of," *i.e.* of a piece with; III. xiii. 32.
——, specify; V. ii. 163.
Part, depart; I. ii. 181.
Particular, private affairs; I. iii. 54.
——, personal relation; IV. ix. 20.
Partisan, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 13.
Parts, sides; III. iv. 14.
Past, beyond; I. ii. 147.
Patch a quarrel, make a quarrel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.
Pelleted, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.
Penetrative, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.
Perforce, of necessity; III. iv. 6.
Period, end; IV. ii. 25.
Persisted; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.
Petition; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 185.
Piece, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.
——, master-piece (Warburton, adopted by Theobald. "*prize*"); V. ii. 99.
Pinion'd, bound; V. ii. 53.
Pink eyne, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 118.
Placed, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.
Plant, place; IV. vi. 9.
Planted, rise (Warburton MS., "*planned*"); I. iii. 26.
Plants, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.
Plated, clothed in armour; I. i. 4.
Plates, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.
Pleach'd, folded; IV. xiv. 73.
Points, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xiii. 157.
Pole, load-star; IV. xv. 65.
Port, gate; IV. iv. 23.
——, carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.
Possess, give possession; III. xi. 21.
Possess it, i.e. (?) "be master of it" (Collier MS., "*Profess it*"; Kinnear conj. "*Pledge it,*" etc.); II. vii. 104.
Power, armed force; III. vii. 58.
——, vital organ; III. xii. 36.
Practised, plotted; II. ii. 40.
Practise on, plot against; II. ii. 39.
Pray ye, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 113.

Precedence, what has preceded; II. v. 51.
Prescript, direction; III. viii. 5.
Precedent, former; IV. xiv. 83.
Pregnant, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.
Present, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.
Present, represent; V. ii. 217.
Presently, immediately; II. ii. 160.
Process, mandate; I. i. 28.
Project, shape, form (Hanmer, "*parget*"; Warburton, "*procter*"; Orger conj. "*perfect*"); V. ii. 121.
Proof of harness, armour of proof, tested and tried armour; IV. viii. 15.
Proper, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.
Propertied, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.
Prorogue, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.
Prosecution, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.
Ptolemy; "the queen of Pt.," *i.e.* belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.
Purchased, acquired; I. iv. 14.
Purge, be cured; I. iii. 53.
Pyramises, pyramids; II. vii. 35.

Quality, character; I. ii. 193.
Queasy, disgusted; III. vi. 20.
Quick, lively, sprightly; V. ii. 216.
Quicken, receive life; IV. xv. 39.
Quit, requite; III. xiii. 124.

Race; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavour of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, "*ray*"); I. iii. 37.
Rack, floating vapour; IV. xiv. 10.
Ram, thrust (Hanmer, "*Rain*"; Delius conj. "*Cram*"); II. v. 24.

From the sculpture on Trajan's column at Rome.

Ranged, disposed in order; I. i. 34.
Ranges, ranks; III. xiii. 5.
Rates, is worth; III. xi. 69.
Raught, reached; IV. ix. 29.
Reel, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.
Regiment, sway III vi. 95.
Religion, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.
Remarkable, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.
Remove, removal, departure; I. ii. 198.
Render, give up; III. x. 33.
Render'd, gave up (Folio 1, "*rendred*"; Folios 2, 3, 4 "*tendred*"); IV. xiv. 33.
Reneges, denies; I. i. 8.

Reports, reporters; II. ii. 47.
Requires, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.
Revolted, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.
Ribaudred, lewd (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*Yon'ribald-rid nag*"; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), "*Yon ribald hag,*" etc.); III. x. 10.
Riggish, wanton; II. ii. 243.
Right, very, true; IV. xii. 28.
Rivality, co-partnership; III. v. 8.
Rive, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.

Safe, make safe; I. iii, 55.
Safed, conducted safely (Steevens conj.; Folios, "*saf't*"); IV. vi. 26.
Salt, wanton; II. i. 21.
Scald, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.
Scantly, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.
Scotches, cuts; IV. vii. 10.
Scrupulous, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.
Seal, make an end (Hanmer, "*sleep*"; Johnson conj. "*seel*"); IV. xiv. 49.
Seel, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.
Self, same; V. i. 21.
Semblable, similar; III. iv. 3.
Sennet, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 17 (direc.).
Several, separate; I. v. 62.
Shall, will; II. i. 1.
Shards, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.
Should make, ought to have made; V. i. 14.
Shown, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.
——, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.
Shows, seems, appears; I. ii. 165.
Shrewd, bad; IV. ix. 5.
Shrowd, shelter, protection (Hanmer, "*shrowd, the great,*"; Collier MS., "*shrowd, who is*"; Bulloch conj. "*stewardship*"; Gould conj. "*shield*"); III. xiii. 71.
Signs; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.
Sirs, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.
Snare, trap; IV. viii. 18.
So, if only (according to some = thus); I. iii. 73.
——, if; III. xiii. 15.
Sober, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.
Soils, blemishes (Folios, "*foyles*" and "*foyls*"; Collier conj. "*foibles*"); I. iv. 24.
Something, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 348.
Soonest, quickest; III. iv. 27.
Soothsay, predict; I. ii. 48.
Sottish, stupid; IV. xv. 79.
Space, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.
Spaniel'd, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.
Speeds, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.
Spot, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.

Spritely, lively; IV. vii. 15.
Square, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.
——; "kept my square," *i.e.* kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.
Square, fair, just; II. ii. 188.
Squares, squadrons; III. xi. 40.
Stablishment, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.
Staged, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.
Stain, eclipse (Theobald, "*strain*"; Warburton MS. and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), "*stay*"; Jackson conj. "*stun,*" etc.); III. iv. 27.
Stall, dwell; V. i. 39.
Stand on, be particular about; IV. iv. 31.
Stands upon; "s. our lives u.," *i.e.* concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.
Station, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.
Stays upon, awaits; I. ii. 116.
Steer, direct, control; V. i. 32.
Still, continually, always; III. ii. 60.
Stirr'd, roused, incited; I. i. 43.
Stomach, inclination; II. ii. 50.
——, resent; III. iii. 12.
Stomaching, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.
Strangler, destroyer (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*stranger*"; Rowe, "*estranger*"); II. vi. 122.
Stroy'd, destroyed; III. xi. 54.
Studied; "well s.," desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.
Subscribe, sign; IV. v. 14
Success, result, issue; III. v. 6.
Such, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.
Suffer, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.
Sufficing, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.
Sum; "the s.," *i.e.* tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.
Sworder, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.
Synod, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.

Tabourines, drums; IV. viii. 37.
Take in, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.
Tall, sturdy; II. vi. 7.
Targes, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.
Teeth; "from his t.," not from his heart; III. iv. 10.
Telamon, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.
Temper, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.
Temperance, chastity; III. xiii. 121.
——, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.
Tended; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 210.
Terrene, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.
Thanks, thanks for (Capell conj. "*thanks for*"); V. ii. 21.

Them, themselves (Capell's emendation; Folios, "*his*"; Theobald, "*their*"); III. vi. 88.

Theme; "was th. for you," was undertaken in your interest; II. ii. 44.

Thereabouts, of that opinion; III. x. 30.

Thetis; "my Th.," *i.e.* "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.

Thick; "so th.," *i.e.* in such quick succession; I. v. 63.

Thickens, grows dim; II. iii. 27.

Think; "th. and die," *i.e.* "despond and die" (Hanmer, "*Drink*"; Tyrwhitt conj. "*Wink*"; Becket conj. "*Swink*"); III. xiii. 1.

Thought, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.

Throes, puts in agony (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*throwes*"; Folio 4, "*throws*"; perhaps "*throws forth*"=brings forth); III. vii. 81.

Throw upon, bestow upon; I. ii. 189.

Tight, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.

Timelier, earlier; II. vi. 52.

Tinct, tincture; I. v. 37.

Tires, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.

Token'd; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.

Top, height of; V. i. 43.

To 't, to get to it; III. x. 32.

Touch, attain; V. ii. 330.

Touches, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 182.

Toward, in preparation; II. vi. 74.

Toys, trifles; V. ii. 166.

Treaties, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.

Triple, third; I. i. 12.

Triple-turn'd, three times faithless (Jackson conj. "*triple-train'd*"); IV. xii. 13.

Trull, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.

Turpitude, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.

Undoing, destruction; V. ii. 44.

Unequal, unjust; II. v. 101.

Unfolded, exposed; V. ii. 170.

Unnoble, ignoble; III. xi. 50.

Unpolicied, devoid of policy; V. ii. 308.

Unpurposed, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.

Unqualitied, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.

Unseminar'd, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.

Unstate, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.

Unto, over; II. ii. 145.

Upon the river, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 190.

Urge; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.

Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 182.

Use; "in u.," in usufruct; I. iii. 44.
Use, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.
Useful, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.

Vacancy, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.
Vantage, advantage; III. x. 12.
Varletry, rabble (Folio 1, "*Varlotarie*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Varlotry*"); V. ii. 56.
Vessels; "strike the v.," *i.e.* "tap the casks" (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 100.
Vials; "sacred v.," "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63. (*Cp.* ilustration.)

From specimens found in Roman cemeteries in England.

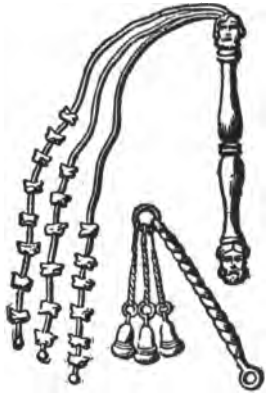
Vie, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," *i.e.* "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.
View; "to my sister's v.," to see my sister; II. ii. 169.
Virtue, valour; IV. viii. 17.

Waged, were opposed to each other (Folio 2, "*way*"; Folios 3, 4, "*may*"; Rowe, "*weigh'd*"; Ritson conj. "*Weigh*"); V. i. 31.
Wail'd, bewailed; III. ii. 58.
Waned, faded (Folios, "*wand*"; Johnson conj. "*fond*"); II. i. 21.
Wassails, carousing (Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Vassailes*" and "*Vassails*"; Folio 4, "*Vassals*"); I. iv. 56.
Way's, way he is (so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*wayes*"; Hanmer, "*way he's*"); II. v. 117.
Weet, wit, know; I. i. 39.
Well said, well done; IV. iv. 28.
Wharfs, banks; II. ii. 216.
What, why (Collier MS., "*Why*"); V. ii. 313.
Which, who; I. ii. 4.
Whipp'd with wire; II. v. 65. (The engraving represents two Roman whips. The thongs of the larger one are set with bones taken from sheeps' feet, the other is composed of metal knobs and chains.)
Whole, well again; IV. viii. 11.
Windowed, placed in a window; IV. xiv. 72.
With, by; I. i. 56; III. x. 7; V. ii. 171.

h's, with us; III. i. 36.
't, wouldst thou (Capell, *"Wou't"*); IV. ii. 7.
ds, flatters with words, joles; V. ii. 191.
ky-day, ordinary; I. ii. 51.
m, snake; V. ii. 243.
'st, knowest; I. v. 22.

Wrongled, misled (Capell, *"wrong'd"*); III. vi. 80.

Yare, light, active; III. vii. 39.
——, ready; III. xiii. 131.
——, be quick; V. ii. 283.
Yarely, readily; II. ii. 214.
Yield, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.



Roman whips (See II. v. 65.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 18. '*Grates me: the sum.*'; Folio 1, '*Grates me, the summe.*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Rate me, the summe.*'; Rowe, '*Rate me the sum.*'; Pope, '*It grates me. Tell the sum.*'; Capell, ''*T grates me:—The sum.*'; Steevens (1793), '*Grates me:—The sum.*'

I. i. 60-61. '*liar, who Thus speaks of him*'; Pope reads '*liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.*'

I. ii. 5. '*charge*'; Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*change*'; Jackson conj. '*chain*'; Williams conj. ''*hang.*'

I. ii. 38. '*fertile*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*foretell*' and '*foretel*'; Pope, '*foretold*'; Collier MS., '*fruitful.*'

I. ii. 59-60. '*Alexas,—come*'; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 79. '*Saw you my lord?*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads '*Saue you, my lord.*'

I. ii. 100-105. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens.

I. ii. 111. '*minds*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios 1, 2, '*windes*'; Collier conj. '*wints.*'

I. ii. 129. '*enchanting*'; so Folio 1; omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads '*Ægyptian.*'

I. ii. 138. '*a compelling occasion*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*a compelling an occasion*'; Nicholson conj. '*so compelling an occasion,*' etc.

I. ii. 195-196. '*like the courser's hair,*' etc., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. '*Our*'; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Folios, '*One*'; Hanmer, '*A.*'

I. iv. 22. '*as*'; Johnson conj. '*and.*'

I. iv. 46. *'lackeying'*; *'lacquying,'* Theobald's correction from Anon. MS.; Folios, *'lacking'*; Pope, *'lashing'*; Southern MS., *'backing.'*

I. v. 48. *'an arm-gaunt'*; Folios, *'an Arme-gaunt'*; Hanmer, *'an arm-girt'*; Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, *'a termagant'*; Jackson conj. *'a war-gaunt'*; Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, *'an arrogant'*; Lettsom conj. *'a rampaunt'*; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless *'arm-gaunt'* = 'having lean fore-limbs.'

I. v. 50. *'beastly'*; Hanmer, *'beast-like'*; Collier MS., *'boastfully'*; Becket conj. *'basely.'*

II. i. 10. *'powers are crescent'*; Theobald reads, *'pow'r's a crescent'*; Becket conj. *'power is crescent'*; Anon. conj. *'power's a-crescent.'*

II. ii. 44. *'Was theme for you,' i.e.* 'had you for its theme'; Johnson conj. *'Had theme from you'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'For theme was you'*; Staunton conj. *'Had you for theme'*; Orson conj. *'Was known for yours,'* etc.

II. ii. 111. *'your considerate stone,' i.e.* 'I am silent as a stone'; Heath conj. *'your confederate love'*; Johnson, *'your considerate ones'*; Blackstone conj. *'your consideratest one,'* etc., etc.

II. ii. 211. *'And made their bends adornings'*; *i. e.* "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

'Anthony enthroned in the market-place did sit alone.'

II. ii. 218. *'Antony, enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone.'* A good idea of the public enthronement of the Roman emperors is afforded by the accompanying engraving of a coin of Trajan. The emperor superintends the bestowal of gifts upon his citizens by his steward.

II. iii. 2. *'my prayers'*; Rowe reads *'in prayers'*; Collier MS., *'with prayers.'*

II. iii. 22. '*a fear*'; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj. '*afeard*'; S. Walker conj. '*afear.*'

'*His cocks do win the battle.*'

II. iii. 30. '*he away, 'tis*'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*he alway 'tis*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*he alway is.*'

II. iii. 36. '*His cocks do win the battle.*' The accompanying representation of a cock-fight, presided over by two genii deeply interested in the game, is derived from a bas-relief on an ancient Roman lamp in terra cotta.

II. iii. 38. '*inhoop'd,*' *i.e.* enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, '*incoop'd*'; Seward conj., adopted by Capell, '*in whoop'd-at.*'

II. v. 12. '*Tawny-finn'd*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Tawny-fine*'; Rowe reads '*Tawny-fin.*'

II. v. 103. '*That art not what thou'rt sure of!*'; Hanmer, '*That say'st but what thou'rt sure of*'; Johnson conj. '*That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,*' etc.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that are not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. '*Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,*' alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

'*The tears of it are wet.*'

II. vii. 52. '*the tears of it are wet*'; Topsell's *History of Serpents* (1608) refers to the 'common proverbe *crocodili lachrimæ.*' (The popular sixteenth century notions of the form of the crocodile are seen in the annexed engraving, which is copied from an old woodcut.)

II. vii. 76. '*there*'; Pope, '*then*'; Steevens conj. '*theirs.*'

II. vii. 97. '*increase the reels*'; Steevens '*and grease the wheels*'; Douce '*increase the revels.*'

II. vii. 115. '*bear*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*beat.*'

III. v. 14. '*Then, world, thou hast*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Then would thou hadst*'; Warburton MS., '*Then would thou hadst*'; '*chaps, no,*' Theobald's reading of Folios, '*chaps no.*'

III. vi. 53. '*left unloved*'; Collier MS., '*held unloved*'; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, '*felt unloved*'; Seymour conj., '*left unvalued.*'

III. vii. 5. '*If not denounced against us*'; Hanmer reads, '*Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?*'; Jackson conj., '*Is't not? Denounce against us!*'; etc.

III. vii. 69. '*his whole action grows Not in the power on't,*' *i.e.* "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," etc. (Malone).

III. xii. 13. '*lessens*'; Folio, 'Lessons.' Mr. A. E. Thiselton, in support of the Folio reading, which he interprets 'schools' or 'disciplines,' calls attention to the initial capital letter indicating 'an emphasis which the feeble *lessens* would hardly carry.'

III. xii. 28-29. '*And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers*'; Grant White conj., '*What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention*'; Walker, '*and more . . . From thine invention offer.*'

III. xiii. 162. '*Cæsarion smite*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Cæsarian smile.*'

IV. iv. 3. '*mine*'; Folios, '*thine.*'

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. '*Dispatch. Enobarbus!*'; Steevens (1773) reading; Folio 1, '*Dispatch Enobarbus*'; Folio 2, '*Dispatch Eros*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Dispatch, Eros*'; Pope, '*dispatch my Eros*'; Johnson conj. '*Dispatch! To Enobarbus!*'; Capell, '*Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!*'; Rann, '*Eros! Dispatch*'; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, '*Eros, despatch*'; Anon. conj., '*Domitius Enobarbus!*'.

IV. vi. 13. '*persuade*'; Rowe's correction of Folios, '*disswade.*'

IV. viii. 23. '*favouring*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*savouring.*'

IV. xii. 25. '*soul*'; Capell, '*soil*'; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., '*spell*'; S. Walker conj., '*snake*': '*grave*'; Pope reads

'gay'; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'great'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'grand.'*

IV. xiv. 87. *'Lo thee'*; Grant White conj., *'Lo there.'*

IV. xv. 10. *'Burn the great sphere'*; Hanmer, *'Turn from the sphere'*; Warburton, *'Turn from th' great sphere.'*

IV. xv. 11. *'shore'*; Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, *'star.'*

IV. xv. 21. *'I dare not'*; Malone conj., *'I dare not descend'*; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, *'I dare not come down'*; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, *'I dare not ope the gates'*; etc.

'Fortune and her wheel.'
From a large brass coin of Gordian.

IV. xv. 44. *'the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

IV. xv. 73. *'No more, but e'en a woman'*; Capell's version; Folios read *'No more but in a Woman'*; Rowe, *'No more but a meer woman'*; Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, *'No more—but e'en a woman.'*

V. i. 15. *'crack: the round world'*; Steevens conj., *'crack than this: the ruin'd world'*; Singer conj., *'crack: the round world convulsive'*; Nicholson conj., *'crack: the round world in rending'*; Daniel conj., *'crack in the round world'*; etc.

V. i. 24. *'Splitted the heart'*; Collier MS., *'Split that self noble heart'*; Elze conj., *'Splitted that very heart.'*

V. i. 59-60. *'live To be ungentle'*; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Folios read *'leaue to be ungentle'*; Capell, *'Leave to be gentle'*; Tyrwhitt conj., *'learn To be ungentle'*; Gould conj., *'bear to be ungentle.'*

V. ii. 7. *'dug'*; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, *'dugg'*; Folios, *'dung'*; Nicholson conj., *'tongue'*; Cartwright conj., *'wrong'*; Bailey conj., *'doom.'*

V. ii. 50. *'necessary'*; Hanmer, *'accessary'*; Malone conj., *'necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word'*; Ritson conj., *'necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary.'*

V. ii. 87. *'an autumn 'twas'*; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Folios read *'an Anthony it was'*; etc.

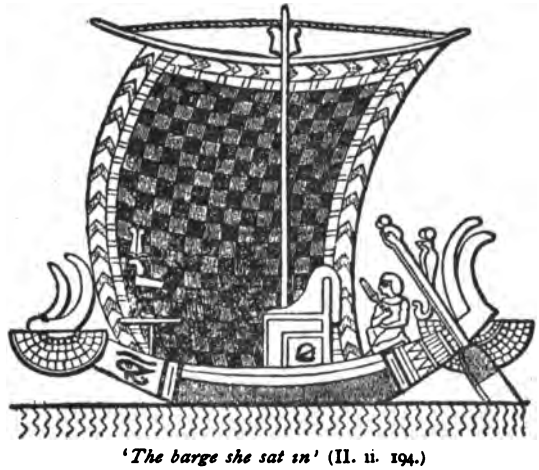
V. ii. 104. *'smites'*; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *'suites'*;

Folios 3, 4, '*suits*'; Pope '*shoots*.' I am inclined to agree with Mr. A. E. Thiselton that Pope's correction is unimpeachable.

V. ii. 174. '*my chance*,' *i.e.* my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads '*mischance*'; S. Walker conj., '*my change*'; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, '*my glance*.'

V. ii. 178-179. '*We answer others' merits in our name, Are*'; Malone's reading; Folios, '*We answer others merits, in our name Are*'; etc.

V. ii. 352. '*caves*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*caues*'; Barry conj., '*canes*'; Anon. conj., '*eaves*'; Perring conj., '*course*.'



'*The barge she sat in*' (II. ii. 194.)
From a wall-painting on the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

8. *reneges*:—Coleridge's suggestion that this word should be spelled *reneague* is supported by the following passage quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary* from Udal's New Testament, Luke i.: "Those that vaunted themselves by the glorious name of Israel, those he hath *reneagued* and put away from the inheritance of the promises made unto Israel."

1. *There's beggary*, etc.:—So in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 32: "They are but *beggars* that can count their worth." And in Martial, vi. 36: "Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest."

17. *Then must thou needs*, etc.:—Then must you set the boundary at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.

44. *for the love of Love*:—That is, for the sake of the goddess of Love.

53. *To-night*, etc.:—So in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him."

60. That he *confirms* the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *approve* for *prove*, as also *approof* for *proof*.

Scene II.

23. *heat my liver*:—The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

27. *a child at fifty*:—"This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex than breeding at an advanced period of life."

35. *no names*:—Charmian has not been married, and, if she is not to have better fortune, her children will not know their father, therefore will be bastards and nameless. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 14-16: "That 's as much as to say, *bastard* virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*."

49, 50. *an oily palm*, etc.:—This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*, III. iv.:—

> "This *hand is moist*, my lady. . . .
> This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart."

101. *Stiff news* is *hard news*.

102. *Extended Asia from Euphrates*:—*Extend* is often found in the old writers for *seize*; *extent* for *seizure*, etc. So in *As You Like It*, III. i. 16, 17:—

> "And let my officers of such a nature
> Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

So too in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:—

> Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*
> From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Plutarch tells us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had overrun Asia from Euphrates, and Syria to Lydia and Ionia. Euphrates here is accented on the first syllable. Shakespeare uses the name only in this instance. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 21, has it accented in the same way in this line: "That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

125-127. *the present pleasure*, etc.:—The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. There seems to be an implied allusion to the turning of a wheel, suggested, as some think, by the "wheel of fortune."

Scene III.

3. *I did not send you*:—"You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge." So in *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. ii. 72: "We met by chance; you did not find me here."

8. *I do not?*—We must understand *that* as supplied: "What should I do *that* I do not?" The ellipsis of the relative was common then, as it is now.

16, 17. *the sides of nature*, etc.:—So in *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 95, 96:—

> "There is no woman's *sides*
> Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

36. *in our brows' bent*:—That is, in the bending or arching of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in *King John*, IV. ii. 90: "Why do you *bend* such solemn *brows* on me?"

57, 58. *Though age*, etc.:—Cleopatra here apparently means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

63, 64. *vials . . . . water*:—Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

84. *Herculean*:—Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

91-93. *But that*, etc.:—An antithesis is intended between *royalty* and *subject*. The meaning is, "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

96, 97. *Since my becomings*, etc.:—That which would seem to become me most is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight.

103, 104. *That thou residing here*, etc.:—A strikingly similar thought occurs in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

> "She went, they staid; or, rightly for to say,
> She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

Scene IV.

12, 13. *His faults*, etc.:—As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so

the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his virtues, which give relief to his faults, and make them show out more prominently.

25-28. *If he fill'd . . . call on him for't*:—If Anthony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones.*

36-38. *Pompey . . . fear'd Cæsar*:—Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar now show their affection for Pompey.

55-71. *Antony . . . lank'd not.*:—This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius,* where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant he shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

Scene V.

4. *Mandragora*:—Compare *Othello,* III. iii. 330-333:—

> "Not poppy, nor *mandragora,*
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou owedst yesterday."

So too in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragora,* which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead."

36, 37. *that great medicine,* etc.:—Alluding, perhaps, to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, was said to convert base metal into gold. The alchemists called the matter, whatever it was, by which they performed transmutation a *medicine.* So Chapman in his *Shadow of Night,* 1594: "O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures." And on this passage he has the following note: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina,* is called the *great elixir.*" Walker thinks that *medicine* here means physician, and so the word was sometimes used.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

4, 5. *Whiles we are suitors,* etc.:—*Whiles* for *while*; often used so by Shakespeare. The passage means, while we are praying, the thing for which we pray *is losing its value.*

26, 27. *prorogue his honour . . . dulness*:—"Delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish." *Till* means *to,* according to an ancient usage.

30, 31. *since he went . . . travel*:—Since he left Egypt time enough has elapsed for a longer journey.

Scene II.

8. *I would not shave't*:—I would meet him without even such a show of respect.

78. *told him of myself*:—Warburton, followed by others, explains this as meaning, "I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience." Hudson's explanation (Harvard ed.) is, "I told him this of *my own accord*; or volunteered this information about myself."

85, 86. *The honour,* etc.:—Mason explains that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks,* but with *is sacred*; "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now,* however negligent, or untrue to my oath, I may have been *then.*" He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.

92-94. *mine honesty,* etc.:—My power or greatness shall not work in disregard of my honesty.

112 *et seq.* Cæsar means, "I do not think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be we shall remain in friendship; yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it."

123. *Were well deserved of rashness*:—That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.

157-159. *I must thank him only*, etc.:—I must barely thank him lest I be thought too willing to forget his courtesies; and then I will defy him.

173. *from Egypt*:—In *Julius Cæsar* we have a glimpse of the ennobling developments that arose when sincere Romans stooped to drink from the well-springs of Greek philosophy and science; in *Antony and Cleopatra* we behold the counter influence and contamination from too close proximity to Asia—for Egypt is in nature Asiatic—the school of courtiers and of all the arts of servility and seduction that courts give harbour and protection to.

189, 190. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her; and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

194 *et seq.* The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare:—

"Her galley down the silver Cyndus row'd,
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another seaborn Venus, lay.—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."

239. *Her infinite variety*:—Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of women who have most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, were less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

Scene III.

3. *bow my prayers*:—The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, I. i. 217: "*Shouting* their emulation." And in *King Lear*, II. ii. 82: "*Smile you* my speeches?"

Scene V.

3. *billiards*:—Many critics have called this an anachronism, as billiards, they say, were not known to the ancients. But Hudson asks, "How do they know this? Late researches," he declares, "have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt which, afterwards lost, have been reinvented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he would lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?"

16-18. *when your diver*, etc.:—This circumstance is from Plutarch: Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time, therefore, he directed the boatman to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt fish* on his hook.

23. *Philippan*:—The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

115. Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

Scene VI.

13. *ghosted*:—This verb is used by Burton in the preface to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "What madness *ghosts* this old man? but what madness *ghosts* us all?"

26, 27. *At land indeed* thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'ercount* is here used equivocally, and Pompey insinuates that Antony not only outnumbered, but had overreached him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father the Poet had from Plutarch.

28, 29. Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

43-47. *though I lose*, etc.:—Clarke here comments: "The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily when she fled from Italy is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment—declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it—is the dramatist's own exquisite addition."

55. *What counts . . . my face*:—A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts.

71. *A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress*:—This is from the margin of North's *Plutarch* (the *Life of Julius Cæsar*), 1579: "Cleopatra trussed up in a *mattrasse*, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe." Reference is here made to this passage in the text. He goes on thus: "She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herselfe downe upon a mattrasse or flock-bed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her." The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher's *False One*.

Scene VII.

95-97. *The third part . . . reels*:—Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which Singer saw none. He explained it thus: "Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels,' that is, turn round or change. To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase *the reels*,' that is, increase its giddy course."

118. *pink eyne*:—The following is in *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519: "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of wine.

128, 129. *the wild disguise hath almost antick'd us all*:—Has almost made us antics or buffoons. Upon this scene Clarke observes: "The discriminative characterization developed in each of the revellers—Lepidus's fatuity and solemn dulness floundering beneath the overpowering effect of the repeated healths or toasts with which he is plied; Octavius's reluctance at the subversion of his cold equanimity by the riot of the carousal and the effect of the wine; Enobarbus's mad spirits—yet he even at length giving token of being 'weaker than the wine'; Pompey's capital bit of maudlin ('O Antony, you have my father's house—But, what? we are friends'), half lingering resentment, half drunken magnanimity of forgiveness; the untouched strength of the seasoned Mark Antony, able to bear any amount of drained cups; together with the rich gusto and classical grape-crowned animation of the whole scene, combine to render this one of the most magnificently painted orgy-descriptions ever set down on paper. It glows before our eyes like a Rubens canvas."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter Ventidius.*] How conscientiously Shakespeare kept in view the resolve to indicate the proceeding metamorphosis of the Roman state and Roman society, at the same time that he set forth the characters and fortunes of the triumvir and his para-

mour, is well seen in the short Parthian entrance of Ventidius. He has embodied the biography of Antony by Plutarch from the point at which he takes it up with as much skill as comprehensiveness.

1. *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

27-29. Thou hast, Ventidius, etc.:—Warburton interprets thus: "'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight."

Scene II.

40. Octavia is to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements—winds and seas—may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage. Johnson and others, however, have explained: "May the different elements of the body be in such proportion and harmony as to keep you cheerful."

52. *were he a horse*:—A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face,* when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between the eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face,* be crooked," etc.

59. *wept*:—The old copies have *weepe*. Theobald's reading, here given, has been followed by most recent editors. Steevens tried to give a meaning to the old reading: "Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy."

Scene III.

32-34. is't long on round, etc.:—This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So in Hill's *Pleasant History,* 1613: "The head

very round to be forgetful and *foolish.*" Again: "The *head* long, to be prudent and wary." "A low forehead," etc., p. 218.

35, 36. *her forehead as low as she would wish it*:—"As one would wish it" was a cant phrase common in Shakespeare's day. The perverted fancy of our Elizabethan ancestors for a high, that is, bald forehead, is often shown in the Poet and his contemporaries. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 198: "Ay, but her *forehead's low.*"

44. *no such thing*:—That is, nothing very remarkable—a colloquial phrase.

Scene IV.

10. *from his teeth*:—A common expression. So Dryden in his *Wild Gallant*: "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre*: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others." And in Withal's *Dictionarie for Children*, 1616: "*Lingua amicus*: A friend from the teeth outward."

10-16. The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*, III. i.

Scene V.

[*Enter Enobarbus.*] The dramatic value of the character of Enobarbus, as Shakespeare has developed it, cannot be over-estimated in such a play with such a theme. Besides a remonstrance against Cleopatra's presence in the war, Plutarch furnishes little more towards the character than this: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For he being sick of an ague when he went and took a little boat to go unto Cæsar's camp, Antonius was very sorry for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage train and men; and the said Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented of his open treason, died immediately after." In the play, Domitius, while he is largely participant in riot and irregularity, and largely accessory to hasty imprudence, and yields to none in appreciation of the seductive charm of Cleopatra, is still in perfect contrast to Antony by his freedom from infatuation. In some respects he is like Cleopatra too, who looks on at the ruin she has made, and mingles pity with her return for the passion that in itself is too degenerate to be called

love unmingled. It is when Antony is gradually overtasking the sympathies of the spectator, that they are recalled by his proofs of nobility of nature on the desertion of Domitius, and the exampler holds us truer to the end.

14. *no more*:—Of course this phrase does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as *and* no more, or *that is all*: "Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps and nothing more. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey on between them."

23. *Naught* has here the same meaning as *naughty* or *bad*.

Scene VI.

3. *Tribunal* here is a stage or platform, as in the Latin usage. This scene is closely copied from North's *Plutarch*.

13. The old copy has *hither* instead of *he there*, and *King* instead of *Kings*. Corrected by Steevens.

Scene VII.

6, 7. *If not denounced*, etc.:—In the passage of Plutarch which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: "Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire."

60. *Thetis*:—Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like Thetis surrounded by the Nereids.

Scene VIII.

In connection with these short scenes, which some critics regard as injuring the Poet's work with too many details and changes

in the action, it may be interesting to read this finely expressed judgement of Lloyd upon the structural quality of the drama: "The play throughout evinces the master hand of Shakespeare—It reads with unchecked freshness, as though it flowed with quickest facility from his pen, at the same time that every line is charged with the maturest autumn of his ripened mind. Luxuriant as the execution is, it is so governed by appropriateness, that I doubt whether any of Shakespeare's plays can be more justly entitled correct, in the technical sense, than *Antony and Cleopatra*—whether from any other a single line could less easily be struck out without apparent injury and loss." And Brandes has given us this observation: "Assuming that it was Shakespeare's design in *Antony and Cleopatra,* as in *King Lear,* to evoke the conception of a world-catastrophe, we see that he could not in this play, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello,* focus the entire action around the leading characters alone. He could not even make the other characters completely subordinate to them; that would have rendered it impossible for him to give the impression of majestic breadth, of an action embracing half of the then known world, which he wanted for the sake of the concluding effect."

Scene XI.

35, 36. *he at Philippi . . . dancer*:—The meaning appears to be, Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. i. 32, 33. "No *sword worn,* but one to *dance* with!"

52-54. *How I convey my shame,* etc.:—How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.

Scene XIII.

47. [*Enter Thyreus.*] Cleopatra's entertainment of Thyreus is her most salient insincerity, and it is hard to decide how far this might not have proceeded. It was a yielding to temptation, if it was anything—the temptation of the ruling passion to fascinate and influence the powerful. Distinct plan is not to be considered in the matter.

55. *he is Cæsar*:—So the second Folio. The first Folio has,

"than he is Cæsar's," which brings obscurity. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: "Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider that he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them."

127. *the hill of Basan*:—This is an allusion to the Psalms: "An high hill as *the hill of Basan*." The idea of the *horned herd* below is also from the same source: "Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side." It is not easy to surmise how Shakespeare came to have such allusions in a play like this.

162. *Cæsarion*:—Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

167. *I am satisfied*:—Antony surprises Cleopatra unmistakably encouraging the messenger of Cæsar, and vents his rage upon the messenger by scourging, and his anger in high reproaches and complaints; and then, as soon as the queen can gain a hearing for honeyed words and high protestation, he is soothed and satisfied at once, and turns again to his old revelry that she had taught him and so often shared.

183. Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the inns of court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

5. *I have many other ways to die*:—Hanmer, conforming the text to the story of Plutarch, read, "*He hath* many other ways," etc. This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare perhaps was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."

Scene II.

8. *Take all*:—Let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death. So in *King Lear*, III. i. 15: "And bids what will *take all*."

26, 27. "*Or if* you see me more, you will see me *a mangled*

shadow, only the external form of what I was." The thought is, as usual, taken from North's *Plutarch*.

35. *onion-eyed*:—We have a similar allusion in I. ii. 172.

38. *Grace grow where those drops fall*:—So in *Richard II.*, III. iv. 104, 105:—

> "Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
> I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

Scene III.

23. *Let's see how it will give off*:—This is from Plutarch: "Within a little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry of a multitude of people as they had beene dauncinge, and had sung as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movings and turnings after the manner of the satyres: and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

Scene V.

1. This and some subsequent speeches are given to Eros in the Folios. Theobald assigned them to the soldier, at the suggestion of Thirlby.

Scene VI.

6, 7. *the three-nook'd world*, etc.:—The meaning is, that the *three-cornered* world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace undisturbed. So in *King John*, V. vii. 116, 117:—

> "Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
> And we shall shock them."

And for a like allusion to the *olive* see *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 87: "But Peace puts forth her *olive* every where." What is the explanation of a three-cornered world, according to the notions of our ancestors? It has never been satisfactorily given.

Scene VIII.

22. *Get goal for goal of youth*:—At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*. To *win a goal* is to be superior in a contest of activity.

Scene X.

3, 4. As Brandes remarks, "Antony fights his last battle with Macbeth's Berserk fury, facing with savage bravery what he knows to be invincibly superior force."

7. *They have put forth the haven*:—The gap in this line has been filled in various ways by different editors: Rowe, *further on*; Capell, *hie we on*; Malone, *let's seek a spot*; Dyce, *forward, now* (adopted by Rolfe); White, *ascend we then*; Hudson, *mount we, then*. It should seem that any of these additions might answer well enough for the ordinary reader, whom the present text, perhaps quite as wisely, leaves to his own ingenuity.

Scene XII.

27. *Whose bosom was my crownet*:—"That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.

28. *Like a right gipsy*:—Three times in Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv., and *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. i. and IV. xii.) Cleopatra is slightingly called *gipsy*, probably from the word's resemblance in sound to *Egyptian*. But there was a certain significance in this word-play; for the high-mindedness of the princess and the fickleness of the gipsy were mysteriously combined in her nature.

Scene XIV.

8. *vesper's pageants*:—The beauty both of the expression and the allusion in this theatrical figure is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lyon, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and

sticks, and ayre." "This is, without doubt," says Hazlitt, "one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind—are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness."

10. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

19. *To pack the cards* was often used metaphorically for contriving together to deceive another. The Poet means that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*

53. *Dido and her Æneas*:—It has been remarked that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated. Either the Poet forgot Virgil's celebrated description in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, or confounded Æneas with Sichæus inadvertently.

60. *Less noble mind* must be understood as if written less *noble-minded*, as some editors have it. Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sory that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman."

76, 77. *branded*, etc.:—Branded with baseness him who that followed.

Scene XV.

9-11. It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

62. [*Antony dies.*] When Antony and Cleopatra perished with each other, she was in her thirty-ninth, he in his fifty-fourth year. She was thus almost three times as old as Juliet, he more than double the age of Romeo.

74. *Chares*:—This word—now spelt and pronounced *chores*—is used by Shakespeare only here and in V. ii. 231 of this play. It was long ago used, as it still is provincially, to denote odd jobs of work, especially daily tasks in domestic or farm service, and the like. So in Heywood's *Brasen Age*, 1613: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

5. *Appear thus*:—That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

47, 48. *should divide,* etc.:—That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

52. *A poor Egyptian yet*:—That is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the Queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

Scene II.

4-8. *and it is great,* etc.:—The meaning appears to be that voluntary death is an act which *bolts up change*; it produces a state which has no longer need of gross terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. "*Nurse,*" says Hudson, "appears to be used here for *nourishment.* Cleopatra is speaking contemptuously of this life, as if anything that depends upon such coarse vulgar feeding were not worth keeping." Hudson, of course, reads *dung* instead of *dug.* On this alternative White, who also retains *dung,* remarks: "Warburton read 'the *dug.*' The correction is of the obvious sort, and is indicated by 'palates' and 'nurse,' as well as by the similarity in form between the original and the substituted word. But as I am unable to discern what is the dug which is the 'beggar's nurse and Cæsar's,' and as the word in the text is expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life, I make no change."

29, 30. "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself has achieved."

35. [*Here Proculeius,* etc.] "This stage direction," says White, "is not in the Folio, but is formed upon the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch.* The scene is one which it is almost impossible to play upon a modern stage; but in Shakespeare's day, when they could 'make believe' as hard as Mr. Richard Swiveller's little Marchioness did over her orange peel and water, there was no such difficulty." "Proculeius," says Plutarch, "came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some cranews through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra de-

maunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes; and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her, as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thyselfe greate wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his bounty and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for fear of any poison hid aboute her."

50. *Once* is used by Shakespeare for *one time, some time, any time.* We may take the meaning of this line, which Singer placed in parenthesis, to be, "If idle talk about my purposes be necessary for the nonce." Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without relation to the future.

174. *My chance*:—Most editors have retained this reading, the meaning of which can only be that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. Chaucer has a similar image: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken." And in Gray's *Elegy*: "E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires." But Hudson (Harvard ed.) in following Dr. Ingleby and substituting *glance* for *chance* persuasively argues that her native fire might flame up through the ashes of her former beauty and burn in her eyes.

185. *Make not your thoughts your prisons*:—Be not a prisoner in imagination.

229. *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and, what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women.

240. *Fleeting* is another form of *flitting*; is *changeable, inconstant.*

243. *Worm* was commonly used for *serpent.* The word is pure Saxon. We have it still in the *blindworm* and *slowworm.* Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which is wholly unknown to us.

256, 257. *he that will believe,* etc.:—Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire": but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

289. *I am fire and air*:—According to the old philosophy there were four *elements,* fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *Henry V.,* III. vii. 22-24, the Dauphin describes his horse thus: "He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

293. *aspic*:—Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

313. [*Dies.*] Notwithstanding that the folly of Antony and the falsehood of the Egyptian Queen are made most manifest, the modified triumph of the piece is theirs, and Cæsar and his soldiers are left duped and defied and disappointed.

319. *and then play*:—Charmian perhaps remembers the words of her mistress (231, 232): "When thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday."

352-355. *Most probable . . . die*:—The following, somewhat condensed, is from the account given by Plutarch: "Cleopatra was very carefull in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proofe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applyed unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry proofes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swouning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any paine."

Questions on

Antony and Cleopatra.

1. What is the date of composition? To what period of Shakespeare's development does it belong, and before and after what plays does it come?

2. Where did Shakespeare derive the materials of his plot? What elements of the play are due to the dramatist's own genius? What other plays have been written on the same subject?

3. How much time is covered by the action? What historic period is embraced in the limits of the action?

ACT FIRST.

4. How is the plot subsumed in the opening speech? Is there disregard of convention in bringing the two protagonists at once upon the stage?

5. What is the passion at once introduced? What other motive is it quickly brought in conflict with? Who is Fulvia? How does Antony receive Cleopatra's references to her?

6. What political relation did Egypt bear to Rome at this time? Who was emperor at Rome? What was his age; Antony's previous relations with him?

7. What was Antony's mission in the East? Officially what position did Antony hold in the Roman state? What is the nature of his utterance in Sc. ii., 97-100?

8. Who was Labienus? What is the recital of his achievements in the East designed to point out? What effect does the news have upon the mood of Antony?

9. What do you learn of the character of Fulvia? What had been her influence over Antony? How had the effect of this influence made him an easier mark for Cleopatra? How did Fulvia's death affect Antony?

10. How does Enobarbus meet Antony's determination to depart? What besides the death of Fulvia incited Antony to leave Egypt? Were his personal fortunes endangered?

11. What direction does Antony give to Enobarbus at the end of Sc. ii.?

12. What had induced in Cleopatra the mood she displays at the beginning of Sc. iii.? What trait of character does it show?

13. What statement of political conditions does Antony give Cleopatra? Could Cleopatra feel any personal interest in the recital? Had she the mind of a ruler?

14. Has Antony yet realized the strength of his thralldom under Cleopatra? What two opinions of Antony do you get at the opening of Sc. iv.? How much of each was just and how much due to the personal temper of the speakers?

15. Who was Lepidus? What was his relation to Octavius and Antony?

16. How large a stage does Sc. iv. set for the enveloping action? Are they historic facts that Cæsar mentions in lines 56-71?

17. What means line 69: *It wounds thine honour that I speak it now*?

18. What feeling overtakes Cleopatra in Antony's absence? What is the nature of her jests? How does she describe herself? How much is truth and how much historic exaggeration? To what do her words concerning Cæsar and Pompey refer?

19. How has Cleopatra contrived to get news of Antony during his absence? Do you call this passion of Cleopatra love? Does she so call it? How might it be named?

20. What has the first Act established as the *motif* of the play? What means are employed to suggest infinite proportions?

ACT SECOND.

21. Is Sc. i. the only one in the play in which Pompey and his associates absorb the action? May this departure from the principles of dramatic composition be said to violate the unity of the action? How is coördination effected and the plot advanced by regarding this Scene as corresponding to a Greek chorus?

22. What really fresh point of view do we get?

23. Was the quarrel with Pompey worthy the steel of the three triumvirs?

24. What view of Antony's soldiership do we derive from Pompey?

25. Antony says to Cæsar (Sc. ii. 63), *The third o' the world is yours*: which third? What parts went to the other triumvirs?

26. What are the causes of difference between Octavius and Antony? Who comes out the better in their quarrel? What traits of character does each display?

27. What humour is in Enobarbus?

28. What bond of friendship is proposed by Agrippa? What social custom of Rome do we see in the plighting of Octavia? Was Antony even half-hearted in his acceptance?

29. What scrupulousness of honour does he display in regard to Pompey?

30. Locate Mount Misenum.

31. Give the use of the word *fame* in line 165. Did Shakespeare invent Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra *upon the river of Cydnus?*

32. What comment on Antony's susceptibility does Enobarbus make? Does anybody aside from Enobarbus thoroughly understand Antony?

33. What impression do you get of Octavia (Sc. iii.) on her first entrance?

34. If the soothsayer had reported differently, had Antony force of character enough to pursue the changed course of his actions?

35. Against whom was Ventidius's expedition to Parthia?

36. Sc. iv. represents the setting forth in which direction?

37. What line of another play of Shakespeare's does the first of Sc. v. suggest?

38. What anachronism does this Scene contain?

39. Do you see any suggestion of cruelty in Cleopatra's nature embodied in her description of the fishing? What is the incident Cleopatra and Charmian here recall? Explain Cleopatra's probable meaning in calling Antony's sword *Philippan.*

40. Compare the scene where Cleopatra receives the messenger from Rome with some modern play of similar type—say Sardou's *La Tosca.* Has Shakespeare been excelled in emotional pitch? What passions here contend for mastery in Cleopatra? Cleopatra's impatience for news defeats her means of getting it: could this trait be properly attributed to a man? In her descent to violence with the messengers can you still apply the words of Enobarbus that *vilest things become themselves in her?*

41. Where was Misenum? What was the purpose of the meeting (Sc. vi.) of the generals? What special cause of quarrel had Pompey with Mark Antony? Was it on account of the *strange courtesies* that Antony previously referred to?

42. What new view of Enobarbus do you get from Pompey?

What prophesies of future events does Enobarbus make to Menas? Do we feel the force and truth of these observations? Is Enobarbus the perfect type of the man of the world?

43. Explain the meaning of vii. 5 applied to Lepidus, *They have made him drink alms-drink*? Is there dramatic reality in this colloquy of the servants; that is, is not the pitch too high for what might rationally be expected of servants? What function as "machinery" may they be said to perform? Do you find here the key struck for the succeeding dialogue in which Lepidus figures? Does this dialogue indicate the status of Lepidus among the triumvirs?

44. What does Menas propose to Pompey? Why does Pompey reply, *In me 'tis villany*? May we believe that Pompey's only motive for not entertaining Menas's proposal was the one he alleges?

45. *Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, shall never find it more*: Where in another often quoted phrase has Shakespeare uttered the same thought?

46. Do we discover Enobarbus to be a wit equal, let us say, to Touchstone?

ACT THIRD.

47. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. i.? Who was Marcus Crassus? How does this Scene extend the stage of action back of the limits of the present play? Is there justification for so doing?

48. What worldly wisdom does Ventidius display?

49. What is the temper of Enobarbus's words in his dialogue with Agrippa (Sc. ii.)?

50. What parting injunction respecting Octavia does Cæsar give Antony? What effect has it on Antony? Is the auditor sensible of a certain irony in the situation whenever these new marital relations of Antony are presented?

51. What is the effect of Sc. iii. in building up to the final catastrophe?

52. What new difference arises between Cæsar and Antony?

53. What mission is Octavia about to undertake as discussed by her and Antony in Sc. iv.?

54. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. v.?

55. Where is Antony when Cæsar accuses him in Sc. vi.?

56. What do we learn of the developing fortunes of the triumvirs?

57. What is the æsthetic effect of the list of kings of the earth recited (vi. 68-76) by Cæsar?

58. What event has intervened before Scs. vi. and vii.?

59. What was the report current in Rome about the management of the war?

60. What advice did Antony get from his generals respecting the approaching fight? How does his conduct towards them point to his deterioration?

61. What was the condition of the fight when Cleopatra fled from the battle?

62. What does Enobarbus say about his continued allegiance to Antony?

63. What noble traits does Antony show in his shame? Do Antony's reproaches to Cleopatra at all lift the shame from his shoulders?

64. What overtures are sent by both Antony and Cleopatra to Cæsar? What is the reply of Cæsar? In what light does Cæsar's commission to Thyreus show up his previous judgement upon Antony and Cleopatra?

65. Did Cleopatra expect such answer as Enobarbus gave to her inquiry in Sc. xiii.?

66. What challenge did Antony send Cæsar after the receipt of Euphronius's message? What message does Thyreus bring? How is he answered by Cleopatra? How does she show her inconstancy?

67. In the reconciliation with Antony does Cleopatra employ deceit?

ACT FOURTH.

68. How does Cæsar receive Mark Antony's return of his messenger?

69. What does Sc. ii. show Antony to have lost?

70. What effect of mystery does Sc. iii. convey?

71. Is there return of the old Antony in his farewell to Cleopatra before going to battle?

72. Is there dramatic fitness in the way the desertion of Enobarbus is finally accomplished? Does it strengthen the feeling of the ruin that falls about Antony? What did Mark Antony do after hearing of it?

73. What was the result of the first day's fight?

74. What was the end of Enobarbus? Who, if any, was nobler or saner than he?

75. In Sc. xii. is there dignity in the anger of Antony against Cleopatra? Why does Cleopatra escape without attempting defence? What was Cleopatra's last supreme device for winning Antony? What is the effect on Antony of the news that Cleopatra is dead? Is it "divine despair"?

76. What service does Antony demand (Sc. xiv.) of Eros? What comment on Antony's reputation does Eros furnish in his self-sacrifice?

77. How does Dercetas hope to profit through Antony's death? What message does Diomedes bring to the wounded Antony?

78. What was the "monument"? What poetic refrain (Sc. xv.) does Antony utter?

79. What are Cleopatra's parting words to the dead Antony? What suggestion do they give of her infatuation? What supreme touch of poetry is given in lines 66-68?

80. Has Cleopatra uttered any more elevated sentiments than those with which the Act closes? Does Cleopatra justify suicide for her own case? Considered dramatically and historically, has this questioning of the sin of suicide any fitness in Cleopatra's utterance? Do we possibly derive here some insight into the secret working of Shakespeare's belief?

ACT FIFTH.

81. How does Cæsar receive the news of Antony's death?

82. What comment on Octavius does Agrippa utter?

83. What misgiving concerning Cleopatra does the entrance of the Egyptian at the particular moment when Antony's praises are sung, make on the reader?

84. What effect is produced by recalling the message with which Dolabella is sent?

85. What estimate of Cæsar does Cleopatra make in the opening of Sc. ii.? Do you feel it just? What estimate has Cæsar of Cleopatra? How does he design to use her? Where did Antony bespeak trust in Proculeius, and why? What does Cleopatra ask of Cæsar?

86. What alternative does Cleopatra prefer to going to Rome in the train of Cæsar? Who informs Cleopatra of Cæsar's determination concerning her future? What warning does Cæsar give her at their meeting? What trick of Cæsar was revealed by

Seleucus? Has Cleopatra's picture of the play at Rome historic or Elizabethan significance?

87. For inconsequence of speech, what others of Shakespeare's creations does the Clown resemble? What view of Cleopatra do you get, in that she could jest with a simple clown amid the ruin of her fortunes? Compare the self-slaughter of Cleopatra with that of Juliet. Which showed more courage?

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88. What similarity of theme do you notice between this play and *Macbeth*? Is this an action or a passion drama? Has Shakespeare ever before chosen so large a stage for his action?

89. How does this play supplement *Julius Cæsar*?

90. Compare *Romeo and Juliet* with this play and state any points of similarity or contrast. Which is the greater play?

91. How closely does Shakespeare hold to Plutarch's narrative?

92. Does the play seem overcrowded with minor characters?

93. How does the character of Antony as displayed in *Julius Cæsar* compare with the Antony of the present play?

94. Which side is the real Antony, the soldier or the artist-bohemian?

95. How in this play does Shakespeare make you feel the force of the qualities of Antony that the play of *Julius Cæsar* is more occupied with? Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to him by the people of the play, and compare them with the impressions you have received of him.

96. Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to Cleopatra. Do you feel the truth of these in the person that Shakespeare portrays?

97. In Dryden's *All for Love* Octavia and Cleopatra are made to meet and indulge in recrimination. Do you feel that Shakespeare shows the finer art in keeping them apart?

98. Do you find that Enobarbus possesses traits in common with Hamlet, or Charles II., or Dean Swift?

99. What underlying principle of the philosophy of life does Shakespeare inculcate in this play?

100. What can you say of the purely artistic or imaginative qualities of the play? Does it contain as beautiful poetry as, for instance, *Macbeth*? Is it overmatched in Oriental opulence of colour by any other play—say *Othello*? Notice the frequency with which the moon is referred to. What effect of mystery is thus obtained?